MEMOIRS

OF A

SCOTS HEIRESS.

ADDRESSED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY CATHERINE * * * * * *.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CONSTANCE, &c.

VOLUME I.

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MEMOIRS

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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MY DEAR MADAM,

YOU have often ſuggeſted to me that a narrative of the occurrences of my life would be of general uſe to ſociety: you have urged that it might be beneficial to my future fame, by explaining events not properly underſtood, and by removing ill-founded prejudices. The

conſciouſneſs of perſonal unimportance has hitherto made me regardleſs of the firſt conſideration; and an indifference to the opinion of the misjudging world has rendered me deaf to the ſecond. Another far ſtronger motive you have lately tried, and not tried ineffectually. You have ſaid it would gratify you; and I implicitly obey this new impulſe.

As I abhor all affectation, whether of virtues or vices, I will not ſacrifice truth to politeneſs by undervaluing the only return I can make for the friendſhip with which you have honoured me. Were I, indeed, to eſtimate this return by a compariſon with the debt it is intended, not to diſcharge, but to acknowledge, or to examine its intrinſic worth, it would be fitly accompanied by an apology; but when I recur to what the exertion will coſt me, I cannot look on the relation you aſk as a trifling ſacrifice

crifice at the altar of Friendſhip and Gratitude.

Before I enter on my detail, ſuffer me to give you a criterion by which to judge of my veracity. The delineation of one's own portrait with a pencil is far more likely to ſucceed, as to reſemblance, than with a pen. The features of the face are much eaſier hit than thoſe of the mind; and as no paſſions can influence us when we attempt only a faithful copy in the former method, ſo no care can exclude their impertinent intruſion when we aim at it in the latter. The archetype exiſts moſt erroneouſly in our fancy; and till the picture is beautiful, we deny all ſimilarity.

I therefore warn you, my dear lady Catherine, againſt impoſition, even by myſelf; and here adverti ſe you, that ſhould you perceive an endeavour at depicting mental or moral rectitude, the

picture is not of me: it is an ideal daubing by the hand of Self-flattery. If it reſembles me, it will give you a ſtrong outline of a mind, perhaps not naturally bad, but in which nothing good had ever opportunity to appear till it had undergone the harrowing cultivation of Adverſity.

What were my original propenſities it is difficult to aſcertain; for as ſoon as Nature had ſent me into the world, ſhe was diſmiſſed from all ſuperintendance of me; and whenever ſhe preſumed to peep, was repelled with all the eagerneſs that could ſave a beloved object from the inſidious ſnares of the moſt artful enemy.

But ere I launch out into the intoxicating ocean of egotiſm, let me give you a ſketch of the ſituation I was born into.

My father was the younger of the two

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ſons of the earl of Donachmuir, a Scottiſh nobleman, who, to ſupport the ancient dignity of his illuſtrious houſe according to his own ideas of its importance, found it expedient to divide his property at his demiſe into two very unequal proportions. Conſequently his eldeſt ſon and repreſentative was a wealthy peer, while my father had a pittance on which it was impoſſible, without improving it, to ſubſiſt decently.

This ſhare amounting to no more than *three thouſand pounds*, it would have been prudent in my father to have remained where living was cheapeſt; but ſo important a conſideration was oppoſed by a paſſionate love of ſhew and gaiety, which even had his finances been equal to it, he could not have indulged in his birth-place. He therefore, immediately on the death of the old earl, came to London; and a favourable opportunity offering, he laid out almoſt the whole of

his patrimony in the purchaſe of a place for life, which as it required attendance at court, gratified his love of ſplendor, at the ſame time that it afforded him a permanent, though ſmall, income.

His next ſtep was to marry; and here Love and Prudence for once ſeemed agreed; for the lady he fixed his regard on was young and beautiful, of a reſpectable and opulent family, and preſumptive heireſs to a large fortune: the only obſtacle the amour met with, was a particular coolneſs in the lady's father towards the perſon ſhe had ſingled out for his ſon-in-law, a coolneſs which convinced the young people that all applications for conſent would be nugatory, and made them prefer the contingency of forgiveneſs when the evil was irremediable, to the mortification of a poſitive refuſal.

Their hopes, if they entertained any, were

were blaſted: the lady's friends remained inexorable, and my father in a ſhort time found he had charged his ſcanty income with an additional, and probably increaſing, expence, before he had ſecured the means for ſupporting it.

Againſt theſe vexations he had, however, a never-failing bulwark. This was a hope, which his wiſhes magnified almoſt to a certainty, that if he outlived his brother, who was ſome years older than himſelf, he ſhould be the heir to his titles and eſtates; or that, ſhould the grim monarch diſregard the common rule of preference, ſtill theſe good things muſt deſcend to his progeny.

I need not tell you then that my birth, notwithſtanding the ſtraitneſs of my parents' finances, was matter of great joy. That I was of the weaker ſex was not very important; as by the Scottiſh law I was rendered capable of inheritance; I

was baptized by a pedigree rather than a Chriſtian name, and was made a living record of my noble anceſtry: I ſtood enrolled in the annals of the Donachmuir family, as Amabel Mary Hamilton Bruce Fergus Sinclair Macgilroy: A length of nomenclature which I have often wiſhed abridged when I had occaſion to ſign my name, for I never was permitted to abbreviate it, and which once in my life deprived me of a conſiderable advantage; ſuch as perhaps, if enjoyed, would have ſaved me many of my troubles; but at the ſame time, I muſt confeſs, might have ſtopped me ſhort of greater attainments.

As my father's family-expences were increaſed by the addition I made to it, he found any degree of ſhew incompatible with neceſſary comfort; and I very early in life ſaw the difficulties that occurred in ſupporting even the appearance of gentility. Fortunately I proved an *unique*; and as in me all my fond pa-

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rents' hopes and wiſhes were centered, they forgot, in the pleaſure of contemplating the felicity in ſtore for me, the inconveniences they were put to, to rear me for the enjoyment of it.

When I firſt recogniſe my exiſtence, we lived in very ſmall ready-furniſhed lodgings in a polite part of the town. A room, in which you could ſcarcely have avoided the wall, was decorated in humble but ingenious, finery, and conſecrated to the purpoſes of a *drawing room*. One adjoining it was ſtyled *the ante-room*, and all viſitors were introduced through it: a long paſſage open to the ſtairs we called *the gallery*; a landing place, *the lobby*; a narrow entrance, *the hall*; a waſh houſe, *the ſervants' hall*; and a cupboard *the butler's pantry*.

Our domeſtics were few, but illuſtrious. Two lads of different heights, Caledonia's hardy ſons, were butler and foot-

man. My mama's *woman* and the cook were of different orders of ſcrubs and drabs, and *my maid* was a girl taken from a charity-ſchool. — A carriage could not be thought of; but a chair was abſolutely neceſſary. A broker ſupplied the want, and it ſerved to grace the entry, though it ſomewhat impeded entrance.

The firſt qualities inſtilled into my mind were vanity and inſolence: they entered it ſo early, and ſo nearly together, that I know not when they came, nor which had precedence. When I was a baby, my mother inured me to commendations of my beauty; and as I grew up, my father took care frequently to remind me that I was the only daughter of *the honourable* Mr. Macgilroy. Whatever I did that deſerved their approbation, I was told *became my rank*; and whenever I tripped, I was warned not to diſgrace my deſcent. I was ſeverely puniſhed as often as I ſhewed a

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diſpoſition to familiarity with thoſe beneath me; but I might be cruel to my own wretched attendant, and imperious to all beſide, with impunity. Any complaints of this kind made by thoſe I oppreſſed, were not only diſregarded, but drew on the plaintiff a reproof, for not conſidering that *a young lady, who would one day be a counteſs*, was not to behave like *a tradeſman's daughter*.

The puniſhments invented for children require to be regulated by the cleareſt judegment and diſcrimination. Perhaps no branch of parental juriſprudence is ſo eſſential, ſo delicate, and ſo difficult. That which will correct the ſtubbornneſs of one temper, would ruin the tone of another; and what is neceſſary to correct indifference in one child will in perhaps its brother or ſiſter, fix the inexcuſable foible ſelf-conceit. In ſhort, it ſeems to me that there is no miſchief injudicious puniſhments may not

do, no vice that they cannot implant in the human mind. In this reſpect my parents erred wofully through exceſſive and ill-guided fondneſs. Corporal puniſhments they abhorred, and certainly not without reaſon; but ſhould this abhorrence, which poſſibly all good parents feel, entirely baniſh a mode of correction which at leaſt has the ſanction of popular uſe from time immemorial?—I would fain know what can be ſubſtituted for corporal puniſhment before infant reaſon is ſtrong enough to be uſeful:—you may talk to a child till you are hoarſe, before you can make it ſenſible of the connection between virtue and pleaſure, if he is not old enough to know the meaning of the terms;—a much ſhorter method teaches him that pain is the conſequence of vice.

It is, I know, the opinion of ſome perſons who have thought ſeriouſly on the ſubject, that inſtruction of all kinds ſhould be

be poſtponed till the reaſon has acquired a degree of ſtrength ſufficient to form a judgement. I grant that this way might be efficacious, if, while the reaſon was growing, the paſſions would remain dormant; but I believe few perſons ever found it any eaſy taſk to undo the miſchief produced in ſeven fallow years.

To return from this digreſſion. The penalties and puniſhments deviſed for me had a farther tendency than immediate effect: ſo far they certainly were well choſen; but they had a ſtill more diſtant operation which neither father nor mother diſcovered. My puniſhment for *degrading myſelf*, as it was called, was the being dreſſed in ſordid clothes: this, it is true, made me deteſt whatever I heard termed *ſhabby*; but at the ſame time it taught me to deſpiſe humble poverty, to conſider finery as a mark of merit, to love it in my own perſon, and to value my acquaintance according to their dreſs.

My

My penalty for other faults was a forfeiture of money, which as I was taught its value and ſeldom could poſſeſs it, was a grievous fine, however ſmall. This money the œconomy and benevolence of my inſtructors taught them to appropriate to charitable uſes, and, by a natural inference, I conſequently hated the ſight of a beggar, grudged whatever was given them, and thought it was not ſo much my own error as their poverty that I had been mulcted for.

The mode and extent of my education frequently occaſioned warm debates between my father and mother, prudently held in my hearing. It was on account of my family-importance that the former doted on me; and he ſeemed to think the honours I *muſt* inherit needed no qualification in the poſſeſſor. My mother, whoſe ideas were rather leſs ſanguine, and who loved, humoured, and ſpoiled me out of mere maternal

ternal fondneſs, held every acquiſition important by which I could be rendered more the object of public regard. She herſelf had been educated in a common way, and all her accompliſhments ſhe eagerly communicated to me. They extended only as far as a little muſic, a little French, a little dancing, and a little drawing: they were not ſuch as mend the head or reach the heart; they were calculated to improve or diſplay the perſon, and to impoſe on the world, and conſequently had no beneficial effect on my mind.

A few years exhauſted theſe ſources of tuition, and *my mama* remained unſatisfied. It was *polite* to have maſters to attend her daughter; but the expence was intolerable. A day-ſchool as a medium ſtation was next ſuggeſted, but *my papa* would not hear of it.—I muſt there mix with my inferiors:—I ſhould learn vulgar

gar manners and forget *my rank* entirely.

While the contention laſted, my powers were dormant, and ſo completely was my intellectual appetite palled by the pernicious ſweets offered to it, that not a wiſh for more wholeſome diet ever diſturbed me. I had got a ſmattering of the faſhionable parts of education; I found it paſſed very well with the major part of the world, and not having ſenſe or modeſty enough to bluſh for my ignorance, I grew conceited of my accompliſhments, as well as of my rank. At the age of ſixteen, I began to perceive in the homage paid me by the other ſex, the importance of my reputed beauty and expectations; and ſoon learnt to value myſelf, not on being the daughter of the honourable Mr. Macgilroy, but as the handſome niece of the earl of Donachmuir.

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I could amuſe you with anecdotes of our family thrift, and deſcriptions of the ten thouſand ſhifts I was put to to gratify my inclination for fine clothes and polite life. Having been taught that to be admired was the proper aim of a lady like myſelf, I eagerly ſought for admiration: when I heard my name buzzed as I entered any public place, I felt all that conſcious ſuperiority produces in little minds, and never made it a queſtion whether I excited emotions of envy or contempt in thoſe who beheld me.

The conduct of my uncle, though he was of all weak men the weakeſt, was generally ſuch as gave us no uneaſineſs. Reports were frequently circulated that he was on the point of marrying; but his letters always removed our fears. As he never left Scotland, preſents were made him by my father, &c., of ſuch elegancies as London furniſhes, and we could purchaſe; and they were occaſionally

ally repaid by gifts to me, which, though of trifling value, were conſidered as ineſtimable pledges of regard. He uniformly expreſſed great affection for his dear niece; but for a reaſon we could not fathom, he as uniformly declined all overtures to our making him a viſit. This ſingularity ſometimes excited our wonder; but my father quieted all apprehenſions by attributing that and the parſimony of his gifts to his brother's natural love of money, which he never obſerved on without adding a ſagacious remark that I ſhould be the richer for all he ſaved.

In this way, ſtraitened moſt piteouſly by our ſlender income, and urged to expence by the bent given to my mind, I lived till I was eighteen, when I loſt my mother; a loſs I confeſs I deplored more as it kept me a whole winter in black, than on any other account.

Being

Being now not only my own miſtreſs, but having the entire ſovereignty of my father, I reigned a tyrant, diſmiſſed his ſervants on every trifling failure of reſpect, and giving unbounded ſcope to caprice and pride, thought of nothing but my pleaſures and my proſpect.

However deficient my mother was in general prudence, it was a maxim with her, and from which ſhe never departed, that as our affluence was contingent, it was fit that my father's yearly income ſhould be the boundary of his yearly expenditure. In this caution you will believe I did not always willingly acquieſce: it debarred me frequently from the gratification of my impetuous wiſhes, and daily obliged me to poſtpone ſome thing or other my *goût* for which was abated by contemplation before I could obtain it. I knew it was poſſible to purchaſe many things on credit; and it was a method ſo much readier than that of waiting

waiting for a quarterly payment, that I was aſtoniſhed any one declined adopting it, as I ſaw no obſtacle to defraying ſuch debts as ſoon as the means arrived; but even my obvious diſcontent would not prevail on my mother in this particular; and I could only be ſaucy and ſullen.

Now that by her death I had the cuſtody of my father's purſe, there was nothing to hinder my following this eaſy path to a variety of pleaſure, and I conſtantly had recourſe to it. Ready payment was requiſite for admiſſion to public places, &c., &c., but it might be diſpenſed with, now and then, in domeſtic concerns. My uncle's temporary bounty, added to what my father ſpared me, ſerved to adorn me: what I could wreſt from the houſehold purſe, I had many ways, ſome good, ſome bad, to diſpoſe of; and I am aſhamed to confeſs, what however you muſt have deduced as the

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conſequence of ſuch policy, that while I was exhibiting in private parties and public places in all the glitter of vanity and folly, there was generally a long arrear with the butcher, baker, brewer, &c; which I ſoon began to perceive was not ſo very eaſily diſcharged in the way I thought ſo infallible. My eyes were more than ever fixed on my uncle: I was punctilious in replying to his letters, and in acknowledging his favours; for by my management a diſappointment would now have proved our poſitive ruin.

Amidſt my new cares I did not forget the grand purpoſe for which my mother had *educated* me. I forced myſelf into obſervation by ten thouſand follies. I bluſh even to think on; and had the felicity of finding I was quoted for faſhion, and expected in all places of public amuſement. The newſpapers too promoted my celebrity: ſometimes, it muſt be owned, their notice of me was a ſarcaſm

caſm, or an ill-natured Philippic, obliquely aimed at me, but generally they were pretty lenient, and my opinion of myſelf led me to accept a ſmall portion of praiſe as a compenſation for a load of abuſe.

My triumphs now increaſed rapidly. Hitherto to excel in all feminine competition, to mortify the envious, and gain applauſe from my flatterers, was the height of my ambition; but now I ſought higher game. I ſpread my nets for the male ſex, and I cannot pay their diſcernment ſuch a compliment as to ſay they were not eaſily caught. Here was an abundant field of felicity and glory. I ſaw I had power not only to attract the idle and indifferent, but to detach thoſe who had prior engagements. Many an evening have I exulted in the wicked pleaſure of having made a poor innocent girl, perhaps my ſuperior in every thing praiſe-worthy, ſit ſtill becauſe I had ſin-

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gled out as my partner, him ſhe preferred dancing with; and as maliciouſly have I delighted in ſeeing two gentlemen, for each of whom probably I entertained the heartieſt contempt, on the point of drawing their ſwords, becauſe I had behaved with marked attention to one of them.

Suffer me to give you one inſtance of the tyranny I exerciſed. A young lady with whom I lived on terms of intimacy, had, what I called, the intolerable preſumption to claim precedence of me in public. The point was diſputable, and I was balked of the complete victory I had expected. She was at that time very warmly addreſſed by a gentleman of the name of Pynton, a weak, ſilly man, who, before he became attached to her, had been a caſual dangler of mine, but finding no encouragement, had dropped me. The ill-will her conduct had foſtered in my mind, here met a fit ob-

ject to vent itſelf on. By a little management of my countenance, I revived in Mr. Pynton the extinct hope of obtaining me; and without at all engaging myſelf, I ſo completely miſled him, that he quitted my haughty rival, and again entered my train. She was loud in her reproaches of him, nor did ſhe ſpare me; but I was callous to cenſure of this kind, and gloried in the power her complaints bore witneſs to. An *eclairciſſement* ſoon followed between my deluded lover and myſelf: I affected ſurpriſe at his preſumption, and indignantly diſcarded him. The fooliſh man had now no retreat from ridicule: he was forced to leave London; and ſhortly after, to the no ſmall diverſion of me and my obſequious admirers, he offended all his family by marrying a woman much beneath him.

This was the *jeu d'amour* from which nothing ſubſtantial was to be expected; and it would ſoon have proved inſipid,

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and produced diſagreeable conſequences to me, if all of my many worſhippers had been of a claſs. I ſaw that though I might ſhine like a meteor for a few years, the dreadful character of *a coquet* muſt at laſt be affixed to me, and I in ſilence and contempt muſt yield the liſts to a junior combatant, unleſs I could ſeriouſly attach ſome one to me to whom I might give my hand when I ſhould feel myſelf tottering.

No genuine ſhaft of love had as yet reached my heart. The perſon, the dreſs, or the deportment had tranſiently attracted my regard; and I felt ſomething akin to envy when I ſaw my rivals attain to brilliant ſituations; but of that noble paſſion which in its own ſimple nature compriſes all the finer emotions of the ſoul, I was wholly incapable.

Marriage, it is true, was the *ultimatum* of my intentions, becauſe I had been

taught to conſider celibacy as diſgraceful; and beſide there was ſomewhat peculiarly charming in the ſplendor and *gala* of a wedding.

My affections were in this ſuſpended ſtate when I became acquainted with *Sir Luſon Linfield*. It was accident that brought us together at the houſe of a gentleman, who giving a private ball, paired the baronet and me, as of the moſt ſuitable rank. We danced together till the amuſement concluded (for changing partners was not then ſo much in faſhion as now); he accompanied me home; and having heard me mention an engagement for the next evening's opera, he was in the pit before me, and very aſſiduous in ſeating me and my party commodiouſly. His attentions drew the eyes of many towards me: I was laviſh of my curtſies and nods to all of my acquaintance, whoſe rank could do me credit, and returned home delighted with the per-

perſuaſion that Sir Luſon Linfield was not only a candidate for a place in my retinue, but for my more particular favour.

A ſketch of his general character, though perhaps permature as to chronological order, is neceſſary, my dear madam, to your rightly underſtanding the ſequel of my ſtory.

I have already ſaid he was a baronet. His family had purchaſed the honour when the eſtate was equal to the maintenance of it; but by the unwearied endeavours of the preſent poſſeſſor, this was no longer the caſe. Sir Luſon was notoriouſly a gameſter and a ſpendthrift, and had ſo encumbered all he had inherited, that ſober people were aſtoniſhed at his ability; to continue in the ſcenes of profuſion. He was not handſome, but genteel in his perſon, and ſhewy in every thing belonging to him; laviſh in his pleaſures, gay even to licentiouſneſs in

his converſation, as regardleſs of whatever was prudent or proper as myſelf, and, in ſhort, pretty nearly my counterpart.

After I had accepted his aſſiduities about half a dozen times, I began to fancy myſelf ſeriouſly in love with him; and indulged in penſiveneſs and ſolitude. The raillery of my acquaintance was not diſpleaſing to me: it made me of ſtill greater importance to be conſidered as engaged in an amour with a man of ſuch high faſhion; and though I could not, till Sir Luſon ſhould declare himſelf, confirm the ſuſpicions I excited, I took good care not to extinguiſh them by too poſitive a denial.

It was now induſtriouſly buzzed abroad, that Sir Luſon Linfield and Miſs Macgilroy had *a tendre* for each other: his conduct indeed manifeſted ſuch an attachment, and daily won on me; yet ſtill

ſtill he was guarded in his expreſſions, and made no application to my father. Having worked myſelf up into an opinion that I ſhould be miſerable without him, I ſuffered the moſt tormenting anxiety; when an event happened that gave my thoughts another bent.

I had juſt completed my twentieth year when, without any previous illneſs, the earl, my uncle, died, and we found ourſelves in poſſeſſion of all we had ſo ardently longed for. A will, made ſoon after my birth, gave nearly the whole of his vaſt property firſt to my father, and then to me: the ſuſpenſe I had been born to and brought up in was ended; and I was in the boſom of felicity.

The time of year when the news came to us making travelling incommodious, it was agreed that we ſhould poſtpone viſiting our Caledonian Canaan till the

ſpring. In the mean time, you may be aſſured, I forgot nothing that could increaſe my enjoyments. My deep mourning for the earl of Donachmuir was my paſſport to folly; and with ſenſations and garb widely differing, I rioted in the effects of mortality.

Sir Luſon Linfield now unheſitatingly avowed himſelf; but Lady Annabel and Miſs Macgilroy were diſtinct perſonages, and my change of ſituation having almoſt wholly driven him from his control over my affections, I received his overtures with a diſcouraging coldneſs. He perſevered; but I was every day rendered more inflexible by the new adulation paid me: I had riſen on the ladder of fortune, and expected a higher rank of lovers to court me; but I ſoon found that the countenance I had hitherto given to Sir Luſon kept all others aloof. I was conſidered as in ſome meaſure engaged to him; and as I could not, without

out renouncing all pretenſions to principle, confeſs this intereſted verſatility, I was forced to acquieſce in the public error, and ſuffer him to apply to my father.

From this quarter Sir Luſon had a direct refuſal, founded on the inferiority of his rank; and I hoped myſelf freed from his importunate addreſſes. In this hope I did wrong to his perſeverance. I perceived him more ardent than ever, and the world inclined to think him ill-treated. My intimates repreſented to me the injuſtice of diſcarding him only becauſe I had become what I always expected to be; and many were his advocates. It was hinted to me that my father declined faſt, and that a few years would make me abſolutely my own miſtreſs, when it would be a brilliant action, and not at all derogatory to my rank, to accept Sir Luſon, who, it was

ſaid, had declined numerous matches equally advantageous for my ſake.

Theſe repeated ſuggeſtions mollified me; and though I was cautious in the encouragement I gave my lover, he might diſcover enough to ſatisfy him, and induce him to be patient. I accepted his requeſt of allowing him a private correſpondence, and felt all the pleaſure reſulting from riches and grandeur ſurpaſſed by that which his paſſionate letters infuſed into my heart.

The time fixed for our northern journey approached. My father, in order to make the neceſſary enlargement in our mode of life, and to diſcharge the debts my œconomy had incurred, had drawn on my uncle's executors for as much money as could be remitted before a regular adjuſtment took place. But on the day of our departure he was taken ill; the

the journey was poſtponed, and in leſs than three weeks he died.

For ſome days after this melancholy event, I was inconſolable; and found no mitigation of my ſorrow in any thing I was heireſs to. My ſituation was, in my idea, miſerably forlorn: I could not be ignorant, that though I wanted but a few months of legal age, I was extremely incapable of guiding myſelf: I was ſhocked at the ſudenneſs of my misfortune; and my mind having nothing in itſelf to withſtand the blow, it wholly unnerved me; but the aſſiduities of my lover and my *kind friends*, who on this occaſion redoubled their attentions to me, ſoon drove whatever was ſerious from my thoughts. The public gaze had me, and me alone, for its object; and I was as vain in the decorations of my woe, as I could have been in the paraphernalia of a bride.

My preſence at Edinburgh began to be ſtrongly ſolicited, and I promiſed to be there in the enſuing autumn. Accordingly, when my father having been dead ſix months, I threw off all external mourning, and had compleated my twenty-firſt year, I turned my intentions towards Scotland, and made the moſt laviſh preparations for the important progreſs. My aim was to dazzle all that ſaw me on the road; and conſidering myſelf as really the perſon of moſt conſequence in Europe, I reſolved to act up to this character. Young, and as the world and my glaſs told me, handſome, a counteſs with a revenue of 7000l. per annum, I could not conceive it poſſible to exceed my ſituation.

Sir Luſon Linfield preſſed earneſtly for a title to accompany me; but I refuſed; not that I meant to reject him, but becauſe I wiſely conſidered that the *eclat* of my journey would be his rather than mine, if I mar-

I married him previous to it. I therefore preferred travelling with no other companion than my maid and a young woman of a reduced family, whom I had taken under my protection, and whoſe office was that moſt difficult one to pleaſe me. Sir Luſon, it was agreed, ſhould follow me, and at Edinburgh receive my hand as the reward of his toil.

I travelled at my eaſe; and at the end of my journey found he had outſtripped me, and was waiting for me at an inn near my houſe: his gallantry and ardour won whatever remained unoccupied of my heart; and as ſoon as I had diſpatched the buſineſs that waited my preſence, I forwarded that of my wedding.

Here, my dear madam, you may be ſure I did not ſuffer my love of ſplendour to pine for gratification. A marriage at home, though uſual with perſons of quality, was a marriage in ob-

ſcurity. A proceſſion to and from church would afford a diſplay of a ſumptuous equipage that had been ſent after me: I therefore preferred it, and arranged our proceedings in this manner. Myſelf and my friends, who, by the bye, were about half a dozen gentlemen and ladies, with whom I had become caſually and ſuddenly acquainted, were to go together from my houſe in Antigua ſtreet to the Engliſh chapel, where Sir Luſon was to meet me: he and I were to return home in my gew-gaw vis-à-vis. From home we were to ſet out with ſuch of our party as were moſt intimate for a ſeat of my late uncle's in Perthſhire. This was our ſcheme; and you will ſoon ſee how it ſucceeded.

But before I give you any farther particulars, ſuffer me to ſtop, and for a moment to contemplate the proſpect at this time environing me. I was on the point of contracting myſelf indiſſo-

lubly to a man for whom I had no eſteem nor a ſpark of genuine affection. I had unwarily drawn myſelf into ſome ſort of neceſſity to do ſo; and as I could extract from this neceſſity a little to feed my pride and vanity, it was not unpleaſant to me. But farther than the ſhort ſeaſon of bridal glitter I had never looked. Of the cares or duties of the married ſtate I knew nothing; nor did I once conſider that I was about to make a religious vow which it would be the higheſt criminality to break. The man on whom my perſon and fortune were to be beſtowed, did no credit to my choice, nor did his character or temper promiſe that we ſhould live eaſily together. We had had many quarrels already, ſome ſerious ones, and if I had not been voluntarily blind, I muſt have perceived that he was attached to me by the moſt ſordid of all ties, his intereſt.

Such was my temerity, and ſuch was my

my proſpect. I roſe on the important morning in fluttering agtation, impreſſed deeply with a ſenſe of the great part I had to perform, and anxious, not that it ſhould be decently or piouſly, but ſplendidly gone through. In my dreſs I had conſulted equally the decoration of my perſon and the diſplay of my wealth, and for all the pains and coſt I had ſquandered was abundantly repaid by the crowd that thronged to behold me, by the impatient buzz of "*Which is the bride?*" and "*That is lady Donachmuir,*" and the expreſſions of admiration that met my ear.

Sir Luſon received my hand with all the rapture of ſuch a lover: the ceremony concluded, we returned to Antigua ſtreet, and found the door of my houſe ſurrounded by a number of perſons, drawn thither, I had no doubt, by curioſity to ſee me. My travelling equipage and attendants were parading the ſtreet to be in readineſs for us; and

at

at this moment I was fluſhed with pride to a degree of intoxication. Nothing was wanting to my triumph: the public voice had fixed its approbation on my perſon; my rank, my wealth and liberality were in full glitter, and I was leading my captive as I thought in the fetters of love.

When we were to alight, my attention was called on by a violent clamour amongſt the mob. Sir Luſon ſuppoſedthey had quarrelled among themſelves: the ſervants attempted to make a paſſage for us to the houſe, but in vain: the noiſe and uproar increaſed, and ſeemed almoſt wholly occaſioned by a tall raw-boned woman of about forty years of age, not meanly dreſt, but of an exceedingly vulgar appearance.

I got out of the carriage before the way was cleared, imagining that when I was ſeen, all obſtructions would vaniſh, and

and all tumult ceaſe; but I had ſcarcely ſet my foot on the ground, when the woman forcibly ſeparating me from Sir Luſon, began in the Iriſh dialect to load me with abuſe. I could make out that *I was a vile creature for taking what belonged to another; but that if there was law in Scotland I ſhould be made to reſtore it.* I was aſtoniſhed, provoked, and terrified. My doughty champion turned pale as a corpſe, and ſtanding motionleſs, left it to the ſervants to protect me. Their efforts to rid me of my troubleſome aſſailant were to no purpoſe; and I ſaw no way to extricate myſelf but by telling the woman, that if ſhe had any thing to alledge againſt me, and would behave decently and reaſonably, I would hear her within doors.

She followed me into the houſe; and in the preſence of Sir Luſon and the friends who had accompanied me to church, I required her to ſtate the cauſe of

of her furious attack on me. For more than half an hour ſhe talked incomprehenſibly; her dialect was to me a foreign language, and her vehemence made it wholly unintelligible. Reproaches, complaints, and threats, ſeemed the chief ingredients in the compoſition; and while ſhe raved in the maddeſt incoherence, I began to queſtion my own memory as to any injury I might have done a ſtranger. Follies innumerable I could juſtly have charged on myſelf; but of flagrant injuſtice, or poſitive diſhoneſty, my heart acquitted me. Since my acceſſion to wealth, I had never turned a deaf ear to the complaint of any one, and I conſidered myſelf as having purchaſed a good character.

Utterly at a loſs, I turned to Sir Luſon, thinking that, perhaps, the woman might have ſome claim on him; but he was as much to ſeek as myſelf. At length a gentleman of the law, one of my uncle's

cle's executors, undertook the taſk of obtaining an explanation: he, as being himſelf an Hibernian, could, far better than Sir Luſon or myſelf, underſtand the jargon I was upbraided in; and he ſucceeded in ſtilling the fury's tongue, by promiſing for me that ſhe ſhould have juſtice.

She was then required to tell her ſtory, and through the medium of our interpreter, I learnt that in behalf of a daughter and a grandchild, ſhe claimed the titles, the honours, the eſtates, and the whole property of the late earl of Donachmuir, my uncle.

However angry I was at the diſturbance this virago had given me, I could not refrain from laughter at the abſurdity of the demand; when a lady in the company checked my mirth, by ſuggeſting that the poor creatue was certainly mad. Her fury redoubled at the

inſinuation, and ſhe was outrageous in curſing me and all that belonged to me. Another half hour was ſpent in raving; and it ſeemed equally impoſſible to get rid of her, to ſtill her, or make her ſpeak intelligibly. My mediator finding all other methods fail, propoſed after he had coaxed her by a few fair words, to take her to another room, and there endeavour to get at her meaning. To this ſhe agreed; and they retired togther.

While they were abſent, I was not agitated by any very painful apprehenſions. I was convinced the return made by my friend muſt be, that ſhe was a lunatic; and in this opinion all joined me, except Sir Luſon, who ſeemed deep in thought. As our terrors ſubſided, we began to divert ourſelves with the adventure: the lady who had hinted the inſanity of my aſſailant, rallied Sir Luſon on his proſpect of having a *pauper* wife: he was ſullen and ſilent; and I did not

love

love him the better for the ill-humour, or the puſillanimity, he had ſhewn on the occaſion.

Mr. O'Tarb, the gentleman who had ſo kindly interpoſed in my behalf, returned alone. His countenance brought nothing in it to ſatisfy us: he ſhook his head; and with demonſtrations of the utmoſt concern told me, that there was, indeed, a ſerious claim made on me, and ſuch as I ſhould find it difficult to ſet aſide; for that this woman, Mrs. Cartheney by name, not only aſſerted herſelf to be the mother of the legal wife, and the grandmother of the legitimate ſon of my deceaſed uncle, but had in her poſſeſſion a will privately made but a few months before the late earl's death, which he had peruſed, and by which his lordſhip had bequeathed to Frances Cartheney, counteſs of Donachmuir, *his beloved wife*, an annuity of five hundred pounds, payable yearly out of his eſtates for her own uſe,

and

and to Malcolm Macgilroy, his and her legitimate ſon, commonly called lord Macgilroy, the whole of his property in Scotland and Ireland, ſubject only to the payment of his debts, the aforeſaid annuity of five hundred pounds, two thouſand pounds to my father, and one thouſand pounds to me.

I could give no credit to theſe aſſertions. The whole, I was ſatisfied, muſt be a groſs impoſition: my uncle had no wife, no ſon: we claimed under a regularly-executed will; and I was confident no other could be valid: it muſt be forged if it exiſted.—I deſired to ſee the woman again, and that if poſſible her paſſions might be ſo kept under as that ſhe might talk coherently. Mr. O'Tarb did what he could to pacify her; ſhe was brought in; and with the utmoſt contempt for the villanous plot and indignation at the interruption my triumph had met with, I put ſuch queſtions

tions to her as might tend to confound her in her own falſity: Sir Luſon all the while remaining ſilent.

Though my antagoniſt's Hibernian dialect and pronunciation made it difficult for me to underſtand her, ſhe could comprehend all I ſaid; and the ſubſtance of her anſwers gave me this information:—that ſhe was the widow of one of the peaſantry of Ireland, a Roman Catholic, and a tenant of lord Donachmuir's:—that his lordſhip viſiting his eſtate a few years before his death, had become enamoured of her daughter, whom he would have taken in quality of his miſtreſs; but ſhe withſtanding his golden offers, he had at length privately married her; and as he did not chuſe to diſgrace himſelf while living by avowing ſo unequal a match, he had promiſed her and executed for her ſuch a will as ſhe had to produce, on condition ſhe ſhould remain in

in obſcurity, and be content with a moderate annuity during his life.

This ſtory, however improbable, hung well together, and Mrs. Cartheney who now appeared to talk reaſonably enough, was conſiſtent in all ſhe advanced. She could, ſhe ſaid, refer me to two reſponſible perſons near Antrim, where ſhe and her daughter now lived, who could prove the marriage, and two others who were preſent at the execution of the will, and who accompanied her to Edinburgh.

My exultation and contempt ſubſided rapidly, and concern to defend myſelf wholly occupied me. I very reluctantly gave credit to that which, if true, muſt ruin me; and I ſtill hoped to detect the fraud; but really there was little room for hope or doubt, except what aroſe from their having ſo long deferred advancing this terrifying claim. I peremp-

remptorily required of Mrs. Cartheney her reaſon for this delay, expecting that here ſhe would contradict herſelf. She replied, that her daughter could not ſtir in vindication of her right till the death of the earl; that in the retirement ſhe lived in, the news of his deceaſe had not reached her, nor ſhould ſhe now have been aware of it, had not his longer abſence than uſual led her to ſuſpect it, and prompted her to make enquiry. She added, that ſhe believed herſelf, her daughter, and the four perſons ſhe had mentioned, were the only people in the world privy to the tranſaction, or any part of it; as his lordſhip always paid the annuity half yearly with his own hand.

Inferring from Sir Luſon's paſſive conduct that I muſt act for myſelf, as ſoon as I had learnt theſe particulars, I retired with my adviſer to debate on the means I was to take to ſave myſelf from the impend-

impending evil. I promiſed to refer myſelf and my intereſts wholly to his direction; and he with the moſt cordial expreſſions of concern aſſured me, that whatever was poſſible ſhould be put in practice for me. The claim, he ſaid, he feared would be found unimpeachable, as my uncle certainly had the power to make ſuch a will; I myſelf had recognized his hand-writing in the ſignature, and it had every other proof of validity: he obſerved, all depended on the temper of the claimants: they might perhaps, as Mrs. Cartheney's daughter was the infant's ſole guardian, be induced to ſurrender a part if they were *properly* terrified by the proſpect of a tedious litigation; but really, he added, the caſe in this inſtance was ſo clearly with them, that he knew not what could be offered to induce them to give up. He adviſed my ſeeing the pretended wife apart from her mother, and making her repeat the circumſtances on which ſhe founded

her demand. To this I agreed, and our conference ended.

As we were returning together to the room we had quitted, Mr. O'Tarb ſtopped me; and as if a new and lucky thought had ſtarted itſelf, he aſked me in a *prudently* low voice, what date the will under which I claimed bore. I told him: Do you recollect, ſaid he, to what perſons you have ever mentioned this date? for I think, if I recollect right, it has not been named to Mrs. Cartheney, nor in the hearing of your friends here. I ſaid I believed I had never mentioned it, unleſs to Sir Luſon, nobody having ever queſtioned me about it, or being intereſted in it.—Then it is poſſible, cried he, exultingly clapping his hands together. What is poſſible? ſaid I.—Why, replied this righteous executor, you may frighten Mrs. Cartheney and her daughter by a poſt date:—affirm that the will which intitles you bears a

date

date ſubſequent to that they have in poſſeſſion—if you have a copy of it, I can eaſily make the neceſſary alteration:—offer, as if out of charity, to divide the effects—ſtrike while the iron is hot—they are women, and ſo will be eaſily terrified—make them inſtantly ſign an abſolute agreement to this purport, while they are under the terror that I ſhall hold out to them in my profeſſional character, and the buſineſs is done.—You will not find it difficult I aſſure you—ignorant women are ſoon intimidated, and even ſhould they have recourſe to law and examine the original will, I could find a means to hinder their getting much aſſiſtance. All depends on expedition—bind them while they are in a panic, and let them looſe themſelves as they can.

Unprincipled as folly and education had rendered me, ſo much of humanity remained unexterminated in me, that I

revolted at the diabolical propoſal; and fully convinced that he who made it muſt be an incendiary and a villain, I did not heſitate to reject it with every expreſſion of deteſtation, and to ſpurn at all his profeſſions of intereſt for me. He grew angry: I was no leſs ſo.—He told me I was ruined unleſs I followed his advice, for that if the will that was to operate againſt me was genuine, it would not only ſtrip me of all I had, but oblige me to render an account of and refund every ſhilling of my uncle's property, excepting the three thouſand pounds bequeathed to my father and myſelf.

I ſaw that this was juſt, and therefore to be feared. Ruin hovered over me; beggary was before me; for Sir Luſon I knew to be inſolvent, and the ſums my father and I had drawn from the eſtate were more than the amount of the legacies left us by the latter will. I had not had time to prepare myſelf for the ſhock; and

and I believe nothing ſupported me under it but my remaining incredulity; for I yet could ſcarcely give credit to my ſenſes.

My *faithful adviſer* and I came to ſuch extremities, that before I returned to Sir Luſon and my friends, I ordered him to be ſhewn out of the houſe. I then got from Mrs. Cartheney a direction to her daughter, who was in lodgings no farther off than the caſtle; and ſent for her.

While we were waiting her coming, I had an opportunity of remarking the fidelity of faſhionable friendſhip, not peculiar, I confeſs, to Edinburgh or Scotland, no more than the conduct of O'Tarb is to Hibernia's hoſpitable land, but common to all the world. One by one *my friends*, who were perſons that at my arrival had almoſt ſmothered me with kindneſſes, withdrew. Even the dependent I had ſaved from ſtarving, deſerted me

when ſhe ſaw fortune turn her wheel; and left me with Sir Luſon and Mrs. Cartheney, whoſe tongue never ceaſed from commendations of her daughter, who, ſhe ſaid, was reckoned exceedingly like herſelf, and allowed to be one of the prettieſt *cratures* in all Ireland, an opinion which my ſuppoſitions rendered inconſiſtent with her at all reſembling her mother.

In this ſituation Sir Luſon's courage ſeemed awaking; and he moſt violently threatened Mrs. Cartheney that he would expoſe her and her daughter to all poſſible infamy. They were abuſing each other in the groſſeſt terms, when *lady Donachmuir* was announced, and entered the room. The ſight of her ſilenced Sir Luſon, and gave a new turn to my feelings. Whether ſhe was one of thoſe favoured perſons in whom Nature delights to ſhew her ſuperiority to all human art, or whether even in her humble ſtation, her

her friends had found means to obtain for her whatever tuition could grace her figure or poliſh her manners, I could not determine; but had the Medicean Venus been animated and clothed, ſhe could not have exhibited more perfect lovelineſs. In her external decorations, ſhe was moſt elegantly neat; in her addreſs modeſt and reſpectful; and in the expreſſion of her countenance, meek, without being languid: her eyes had good ſenſe, penetration, and tenderneſs in their compoſition; and her features and perſon were ſymmetry itſelf. The roſy hue of health was on her cheek, but it was that perfection of colour that art in vain imitates. Prejudiced as I certainly was againſt her, I could not look at her without love; and forgetting for a moment the buſineſs ſhe came on, I felt only my own inferiority, and bluſhed for the odious artificial character fondneſs and folly had made me.

She was followed by a ruſtic maid ſervant, who carried in her arms the infant who was born to be the ruin of my fortune. As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me ſhe took the child herſelf, as if to ſhew him to us, and then very handſomely and collectedly addreſſing me, ſhe profeſſed herſelf grieved for the diſturbance ſhe had been compelled to occaſion me. My heart was rending and I could make no reply; but throwing myſelf on a ſopha I burſt into tears.

She was moved at my diſtreſs; and giving her child to its attendant, ſhe knelt down by me. She took my hand, and preſſing it to her lips, begged me to be comforted, for that ſhe would rather live herſelf on the ſmalleſt pittance than do any thing cruel. Her mother ſtrove to check her; but as if occupied ſolely by my ſufferings, ſhe continued her endeavours to ſooth me. What can I do? ſaid ſhe.—Is it right I ſhould permit

mit my child, the lawful heir of my huſband, to loſe in his helpleſs ſtate of infancy, thoſe advantages a parent ought to preſerve for him? but yet ſurely it is not neceſſary I ſhould inſiſt on all our claim. I have an intereſt I can at pleaſure forego, and moſt willingly would I divide it with you, who, I cannot but own have been inhumanly treated.—Look, my dear madam, to me for comfort:—do not injure me ſo deeply as to doubt whether I am indeed the widow of your uncle; but be ſatisfied that in the power I claim, I claim that of being kind to you.

Mrs. Cartheney would ſuffer her to proceed no farther. She tore the lovely comforter from my ſide; and preſenting the child to me, required me to acknowledge him earl of Donachmuir.—I made no anſwer:—ſhe forced her daughter away; and I was now left to Sir Luſon's conſolation.

Such a wedding day was, I believe, ſcarcely ever celebrated: on the part of my *caro ſpoſo* and myſelf it was ſpent in ſilence and faſting. Early in the afternoon he left me, and went out, whither I knew not; but in the evening his abſence was accounted for by the following *affectionate* billet doux.

'Sir Luſon Linfield has taken every poſſible means to inveſtigate the myſterious claims of the Cartheneys, and having acquired indiſputable proof of their authenticity, preſumes he is juſtified in aſſerting that he married *the counteſs of Donachmuir with a large eſtate*, not *Miſs Macgilroy with nothing*. She muſt be ſenſible (for *he* never impoſed on *her*) that in his circumſtances he could not afford to marry a woman without money. A few words ſaid in a church cannot poſſibly render a union, founded in error, indiſſoluble. He hopes Miſs Macgilroy will have prudence enough to

acquieſce in his opinion, that Sir Luſon Linfield has no wife, Miſs Macgilroy no huſband.—Should any mis-judging friend adviſe a proſecution of any ſuppoſed claims, he has his refuge in flight, as to a man in his ſituation all countries are alike; and he has the means of revenge in his power, as an appeal to the world would ſhew that even admitting Miſs Macgilroy could be deceived as to her right of inheritance, ſtill ſhe was inexcuſable in not obtaining every ſubſiſting information before ſhe involved a gentleman of Sir Luſon's pretenſions in what might befal her.'

The ſtyle and contents of this declaration completed my opinion of the writer, on whom I now ſtamped the character of a poltroon. He had no need to inſiſt on his liberation:—from my heart I granted it; and ſtunned as I was by the blow I had received, my misfortune appeared alleviated by comparing it with that far

more grievous one of being compelled to look to ſuch a wretch for protection and ſubſiſtence. Inſtead of entertaining a thought of clinging to him, I bleſt his bankrupt finances which gave him a pretext for diſcarding me.

You will not need to be told that I ſpent the enſuing night in all the agitation of ſorrow and anger. I could not yet collect myſelf at all, or look forward to what was to become of me. In the morning I had a note from lady Donachmuir, which appeared written without the privity of Mrs. Cartheney: in it ſhe offered me conſolation: ſhe lamented the control ſhe was under from her mother, who was her guardian, and whoſe authority had yet a year to remain in force: ſhe hoped that at the expiration of that time ſhe ſhould be able to afford me more ſubſtantial comfort; in the interim ſhe deſired me to accept the ſum of ninety pounds which ſhe intimated

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was all ſhe could ſubtract from the caſh ſhe had by her without alarming her mother. Her friendly billet concluded with every expreſſion of commiſeration and regard, and with recommending me to the care of her bleſſed protectreſs the Virgin Mary.

Poor as I was, I yet could not perſuade myſelf to accept a kindneſs which muſt, if diſcovered, bring diſtreſs on my benefactor. I wrote a ſhort reply, dictated by gratitude and obſtinate deſperation, and returned the intended gift. I had ſcarcely done ſo when a letter was brought me from my *officious friend*, Mr. O'Tarb, informing me that as I had rejected his ſervices, he had, at Mrs. Cartheney's particular deſire, undertaken the care of her affairs, and conſequently of lady Donachmuir's, that therefore it devolved on him to apprize me of Mrs. Cartheney's intention of proſecuting to the utmoſt extent of the laws, the incontrovertible demand

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made of all the deceaſed earl my uncle's property, ſaving and excepting the legacy of two thouſand pounds bequeathed to my father, and that of one thouſand pounds to me, both of which, according to the conſtruction of the will, now veſted in me. — This claim, he ſaid, he underſtood from very good authority, it was not eaſy for me to ſatisfy, as the ſums already drawn from the eſtates exceeded the amount of the two legacies, and had been, how fairly he did not pretend to enquire, diſſipated. He therefore had got the parties he acted for to acquieſce in offering me this alternative, either to receive the three thouſand pounds and ſtand a ſuit for the ſums expended, or to renounce all demands, and depart from Edinburgh and its neighbourhood in fourteen days, leaving thoſe who, he *politely* obſerved, had a ſo much better title than myſelf, in quiet poſſeſſion of whatever there or elſewhere belonged to the deceaſed

deceaſed earl, or had been purchaſed with his money.

To this propoſal, without adviſing with any body, I returned an anſwer in the evening of the ſame day, accepting the latter offer, as far better ſuited to my temper of mind and circumſtances. I could not forbear expreſſing my ſenſe of the treatment I had met with, in terms of indignation; but my adverſaries had ſo much the advantage of me that I might as well have been quiet. The next day, O'Tarb came to me with a regular agreement correſponding with his offer. I refuſed to ſee him: I ſigned the paper, and next turned my thoughts towards leaving Edinburgh.

The renunciation I had acceded to, as it included whatever had been purchaſed with money drawn from the eſtate, left me nothing. — Some one however (I could not be at a loſs to gueſs who) had procured the exception of my wardrobe, which

which I knew, by adverting to the coſt of it, would produce me a ſum ſufficient to maintain me while I was deliberating on my future courſe of life, and if properly laid out in the funds would at leaſt preſerve me from poſitive indigence through life.

Previous to my offering this to ſale, I called all my numerous ſervants together, diſcharged my debts to them with what money I had in the houſe, and gave them their diſmiſſion. One, and one only, offered to remain with me: ſhe was almoſt a ſtranger to me, and of the loweſt rank of menial ſervants: ſhe could not, ſhe ſaid, bear to think that I muſt dreſs my victuals and make my bed; ſhe was ſure ſhe ſhould neither eat nor ſleep if ſhe thought on my ſad condition:—ſhe would ſtay, even if ſhe lived at her own expence. This kindneſs you cannot imagine I oppoſed: I was cheared by the affection of this girl; and the uſe

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ſhe would be of to me, made her offer very acceptable, as in the humiliating buſineſs of diſpoſing of my wardrobe, ſhe might ſpare me the pain of perſonal negociation.

As I wiſhed much to be gone from this ſcene of diſtreſs, long ere I was compelled by the expiration of my allowed time, I, together with my aſſiduous Bridget, employed the forenoon of the next day in examining that on which alone I was to depend for a livelihood; and I was extremely comforted by my aſſiſtant, who being a native of Edinburgh, undertook to find a perſon who would agree with me for the whole, and give me as much as I could get any where. This deſireable perſon, ſhe ſaid, was a relation of her's, who dealt in ſecond-hand apparel; and in the afternoon ſhe brought her to ſurvey the purchaſe.

The ſum offered me being conſidera-

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bly leſs than I had hoped for, *the good woman of the frippery* promiſed to revolve it in her mind that night, and early the next morning to give me her final anſwer and largeſt offer. This was ſo far ſettled, and my mind ſomewhat eaſier, as I was convinced by the converſation of this woman, that I had reckoned too faſt when I expected to be nearly reimburſed the ſums I had laid out in the articles I was offering to ſale; and the leaſt ſum I was to expect would enable me to return to London, where I did not doubt I ſhould be received by my former acquaintance: and as this more intelligent citizen of the world, the old clothes woman, had by her offer, entirely annihilated my ſcheme of *funding*, I replaced it by a hope that when my caſe was known, ſome one among my London friends, whoſe rank entitled them to make ſuch a requeſt, might have influence enough to procure me attention and relief from the government. With this in my head, I retired

to

to reſt; and for the firſt time ſince the fatal blowing up of my fortune, ſlept ſoundly.

But how ignorantly did I eſtimate contingencies! When I awoke the next morning, and left my chamber, which I intended to occupy but one night more, though the ſun informed me it was late, I was aſtoniſhed to find no ſigns of Bridget's diligence.—I went down ſtairs—all was darkneſs and ſilence.—I called—no one anſwered—I ſearched the houſe; and found myſelf alone in it:—at laſt, going to the room where, by my maid's advice, the clothes had been depoſited for view, the myſtery was unravelled.—Not a ſhred I had intended to part with was to be found.

Incredulity itſelf muſt, under ſuch circumſtances, have ſuſpected my zealous ſervant.—I inſtantly concluded ſhe had robbed me; and to this hour have

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ſeen no reaſon to blame myſelf for want of charity in thinking ſo. I was ſo enraged at the treachery, that I could ſcarcely comprehend the extent of my loſs, but after ſome time recollecting myſelf, it occurred to me that perhaps what I had about me conſtituted the whole of my worldly poſſeſſions. Rouſed by this thought, I ſprang to the place where I had put ſuch of my clothes as I meant to retain for my own wear, and which conſiſted of nothing coſtly or ſuperfluous. Theſe the ſwindling virgin had in pity left me; and I felt an odd ſenſation of gratitude for her generoſity.—But, ſaid I to myſelf, ſhall I loſe all I depended on, without making one effort to recover it? If I can find out the woman who was agreeing for the purchaſe, as ſhe moſt probably is an accomplice with Bridget, I may terrify her into reſtoring the property.

Bridget had told me very particularly who

who and what this relation of her's was, and where ſhe lived, adding, that ſhe was a perſon well known and reſpected in the neighbourhood. For the place where I was told ſhe lived in ſuch repute, I therefore reſolved to ſet out; and for the firſt time in my life muſt walk alone through a public ſtreet. The ſenſation that darted acroſs my mind when I was coming out of the houſe, when I turned to ſhut the ſtreet door after me, and to pocket the key of it as the only means of re-admittance, was ſtrong enough to overpower what had till then wholly occupied me; but neceſſity quelled theſe riſings of mortified pride, and I ſet out on my tramp, carrying about me the evidences of my being totally unuſed to the ſituation I was in.

By dint of enquiry, I found the ſpot I was directed to; but was not equally ſucceſsful in diſcovering the perſon. Nobody of the name or trade of her I ſought

was

was known thereabouts. As to my ſervant, it was in vain to apply to any body for intelligence of her: ſhe had been hired by my houſekeeper, whom I knew not where to hunt, and I had never I believe heard her ſurname. Convinced by theſe obſtacles that I muſt ſit down patiently under my heavy loſs, I returned to my diſconſolate dwelling, and having paſſed the day without food and the following night without ſleep, I determined at all events immediately to evacuate a place which ſeemed the abode of ſpirits employed only to my hurt.

On a reference to my purſe, I found my whole pecuniary conſiſted in four pounds and a few ſhillings, a ſum not ſufficient for my decent conveyance to London, whither I was driven to ſhape my courſe by the neceſſity of quitting Edinburgh, and my ignorance of all other places. But what am I to do when I arrive there? was a queſtion I invo-

involuntarily put to myſelf.—It is true, and fortunate it is for me, that having imagined I ſhould return thither the wife of Sir Luſon Linfield, I left it without debts or incumbrances. As after the death of my father I continued in a ready-furniſhed houſe he had taken, and removed from it to Edinburgh whatever I fancied my own, I am not obliged on any account to return to London; but there and there alone I have acquaintance, and to them and them alone I muſt look in my adverſity.

After ruminating ſome hours on this ſcheme, I ſaw no hope ſufficient to encourage me to undertake a journey ſo long, and ſo precarious in the iſſue. Yet to remain in Scotland where my ſtory was growing popular, even if it had been poſſible, was grating beyond any thing. This therefore I reſolved againſt, and my next reſolution was that of truſting myſelf careleſsly and entirely to the direc-

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tion of accident and inſtantaneous impulſe.

It was neceſſary that ſome reſignation of the houſe which was the deceaſed earl's property, and ſome notification of my departure ſhould be made to thoſe who expelled me. Accordingly I went to a ſhop near me, and from thence ſent the key incloſed in a few lines of bitter complaint to lady Donachmuir, the only one of the trio my haughty ſpirit could brook addreſſing. I next enquired for the inn where the Engliſh ſtages were to be met with. The maſter of the ſhop eyed me attentively, and grew curious: I diſdained to reveal myſelf or my ſituation, notwithſtanding which he, with more civility than I deſerved, offered me his aſſiſtance in procuring a conveyance, and ſent his ſon to get me what intelligence I wanted about the coach. To enable him to aſſiſt me, I was to name ſome place as that of my deſtination.

York

York firſt occurred to me; for to London my money would not carry me. A coach that would take me to York or near it was ſought for.—A London coach I was told was the fitteſt for the purpoſe; but I could have no place in leſs than two days as families were at this time of the year returning to South Britain for the winter.

Not knowing what to do, and ſcarcely what I would have, I begged to be conducted to the inn, that I might make farther enquiry. Thither I went, and there I found I muſt abide till I could leave Edinburgh. My own queries produced only a repetition of what I had heard; but in a few minutes the maſter of the inn came to me. He knew me, and expreſſed ſome pity for me—I begged him to deviſe the means for my leaving Scotland immediately: he informed me that a gentleman's poſtchaiſe was ſetting out to return to York, and

that the driver of it would for half a guinea afford me a conveyance by it. I gladly accepted the fortunate offer, and was on the point of departing, when I was called to by a voice I confuſedly remembered, and earneſtly deſired to ſtop. It was lady Donachmuir who had traced me. She engaged the poſtilion to wait half an hour for me, and employed that time in adminiſtring what comfort ſhe could to me, conjuring me not to leave Scotland, as when out of her reach ſhe could render me no ſervice. She promiſed, if I would bear up under my misfortunes till ſhe was of age, ſhe would ſhare all ſhe had with me, and in ſhort urged and offered whatever pity and generoſity could dictate; but the image of Mrs. Cartheney was uppermoſt in my mind. Perhaps calamity might have bowed my ſpirit to receive obligations from the daughter; but to bear the inſults of the mother and her coadjutor O'Tarb

was not poſſible while ſtarving was the alternative.

When Lady Donachmuir found me inexorable in this point, ſhe preſſed on me the acceptance of money. I was forced to take twenty pounds; and the ſhort time that remained of our parley, was devoted to making a ſolemn league of amity and exchanging promiſes of correſpondence. The charming woman had indeed comforted me by her demonſtration of attachment; and I quitted Edinburgh with a heart lightened by the conviction that I left a ſteady *unfaſhionable* friend there.

I had been but a few hours on the road, when I grew extremely ill. The ſtorm in my mind had ſhaken my whole frame, and I felt all the ſymptoms of a violent fever.—Still, however, I reſolved to proſecute my journey; for I could conceive no miſery ſo great as that of re-

maining near the ſcene of my recent diſtreſſes.

I entered the country to whoſe metropolis I was ſhaping my courſe; but I could not reach it. My diſorder had increaſed ſo violently, as by my appearance to alarm the people at a petty inn where I ſtopped; and the landlady, a decent cleanly woman, earneſtly diſſuaded me from going farther. She aſſured me I might at any time get a conveyance to York, and urged me to remain where I was for a few days, when perhaps I ſhould be better able to encounter the ſeverity of the weather I muſt expect, as December was already pretty far advanced.

Oppreſſed with ſorrow and diſeaſe, I was not diſpoſed to conteſt the matter with her. I ſuffered her to make up a bed for me, and thither I betook myſelf.

My

My diſorder proved, as it had promiſed, an extremely dangerous fever. To the goodneſs of Providence in this inſtance I owe every conſolation I have ſince enjoyed; for through the whole of my illneſs my ſenſes were ſpared, and my ſick bed was a ſchool of ineſtimable inſtruction to me. In the gloom around me I ſaw objects in their proper colours: wealth and titles appeared in their native worthleſſneſs: peace of mind I ſaw was this world's only bleſſing, and dearly, dearly did I repent my own unfitneſs to enjoy it.—Here it was that the conſolations of religion firſt dawned on my wounded ſpirit—as they became brighter, my indignation againſt thoſe I ſuffered by gradually leſſened. I was convinced of their rights, though they had been proſecuted with perhaps too great ſeverity. Inſtead of conſidering myſelf as a being unjuſtly ſtripped of its poſſeſſions, I beheld myſelf a dethroned uſurper. The goodneſs of lady Donachmuir now

ſeemed angelic benignity. I was humbled myſelf in my own ideas, and cared not how high above me any one was exalted.

The whole of the month of December and great part of January, I paſſed under the diſcipline of this illneſs. The good woman to whoſe ſuggeſtions and nurſing I probably owe my preſent exiſtence, treated me with the utmoſt tenderneſs; and as ſoon as the danger of contagion was over, introduced to me a lady who, ſhe ſaid, had been extremely ſolicitous for my recovery. The civilities of this new friend I was not diſpoſed to refuſe. She viſited me daily, and omitted nothing that could aid me to regain my health.

This lady was young, handſome, and agreeable; and as I learnt from the landlady, a widow. She lived within two mile of the place I had halted at: the

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miſtreſs of the inn had been her cook, and on finding my fever dangerous had applied to her for directions how to act. As ſoon as I was in a condition to be moved, Mrs. Iſborne, for that I underſtood was my friend's name, inſiſted on my accompanying her home and remaining with her till I was perfectly recovered. With this requeſt, very kindly preſſed, I found it expedient to comply, as the expences of my illneſs had conſiderably drained my purſe, and I was not yet able to think of getting my living in any poſſible way.

In an early ſtage of my diſorder, I had become aware of the neceſſity of concealing my real ſituation, if I would eſcape contempt and diſgrace. I likewiſe ſaw how much it behoved me to diſcard all my former ſublime ideas of ſelf importance, and to adopt ſuch as became what I really was reduced to acknowledge myſelf, ſomething very little

differing from a beggar. If I deſigned to live, I was convinced it could only be in miſerable dependence or by labour: the former I abhorred, the latter I was wholly unfit for.—I could form no plan: I could not at all determine what I would do; but it was in my power to reſolve, as I moſt piouſly did, that I would not do any thing to forfeit the future approbation of my own heart.

To Mrs. Iſborne's firſt queries I therefore, conſiſtently with the firſt part of my reſolution, anſwered that my name was *Mary Hamilton*, that I had been left by my parents in a ſtate of high-bred poverty, and that I was in queſt of a reſpectable livelihood.

As Miſs Mary Hamilton, a young lady, who had been *genteelly* educated; but without a fortune, and who would be glad of a *genteel* ſituation, I was accordingly introduced by Mrs. Iſborne to many

many of her acquaintance; and from all of them received the unſubſtantial obligation of innumerable profeſſions. My protectreſs herſelf loaded me with kindneſs; and ſurpriſed as I was by ſuch unlooked-for friendſhip, my regard for her was as violent as ſudden, and fell little ſhort of adoration.

Your candour, my dear madam, will allow for my folly in ſuffering my affection in this inſtance to precede my judgement. I have told you how the meditations attendant on ſickneſs and ſolitude had corrected my ideas. My own demerit was ſo obvious to me, that gratuitous attention I expected from nobody. My gratitude to Mrs. Iſborne was in proportion to my opinion of myſelf: and ſhe was perſonally too agreeable to leave me indifferent to her. On her part ſhe ſhewed the moſt ardent attachment a female can form with a female; and ſhe would frequently aſſure me, with evi-

dences of ſorrow which my own concern alone could equal, that ſhe would never ſuffer me to ſeek a ſituation from under her roof, had ſhe not been already provided with a young lady in quality of companion, who might, perhaps, be jealous of the introduction of a ſtranger.

In a fortnight however, I diſcovered enough to convince me that Mrs. Iſborne's hoſpitable manſion could never, under any circumſtances, be an aſylum for one whoſe youth and perſon needed maternal protection. Mrs. Iſborne was, as I have told you, young, and a widow: her *debut* in life had been made in the orcheſtra of a public garden near London, from which *conſpicuous ſtation* ſhe had charmed the unfrozen heart of General Iſborne, a man co-eval with her grandfather. Penury on her ſide, riches on his, had made the match: he lived but a ſhort time, left her without incumbrance, and in poſſeſſion of his large eſtate,

eſtate, on which ſhe was rioting in all kinds of profuſion. A very ſhewy perſon, and her former profeſſion, made her an object of county-obſervation; and her levity not unfrequently expoſed her to cenſure. A heart naturally warm, and prone to every ſpecies of excuſable gaiety, militated againſt the decorums of her widowed ſituation: ſhe had an inceſſant round of gueſts, and thoſe choſen rather from her own connections than her huſband's. Nevertheleſs it muſt be confeſſed, and gratitude commands me to aſſert it, that though ſhe ſeemed to delight in perilous pleaſures, her reputation in the eſſential points was unimpeached. In her own idea ſhe was the heroine of a novel, but would have thought the ſtory ſpoiled had the cataſtrophe been criminal.

Her practice in the loweſt lore of a country circulating library, made her ſoon ſuſpect concealment in my melan-

choly; and her love of adventure whetted her curioſity ſometimes to a degree of inquiſitiveneſs. Still, however, I parried her queſtions, and the ſtill leſs parriable artifices of her companion, Miſs Price.

This humble friend was, notwithſtanding an ample portion of left-handed wiſdom had been beſtowed on her, an exceedingly *tranſparent* character. She was, like myſelf, very needy, very conceited, and very haughty. Though her ſubſiſtence depended on the bounty of another, ſhe was offended at being thought any thing lower than a young lady whom friendſhip alone had moſt diſintereſtedly attached to Mrs. Iſborne, for whom ſhe entertained not the leaſt regard, whoſe conduct ſhe affected to cenſure, and whoſe confidence ſhe ſeemed happy to betray. It was her policy to render herſelf uſeful in the family, that Mrs. Iſborne might feel her importance and the neceſſity

neceſſity of retaining her. Miſs Price was conſequently extremely officious, and got wonderful reputation for aſſiduities which were rather the product of ſelf-intereſt than diligence or attachment. In her own opinion theſe multifold ſervices at once annihilated her obligation and dependence.

As ſhe affected to act ſpontaneouſly, and to ſubmit in all points only to her own guidance, ſhe was endeavouring to form connections of her own entirely detached from her patroneſs, or, in other words, to make a party that ſhould ſupport her againſt Mrs. Iſborne. Me ſhe ſoon ſingled out as a fit perſon to make a conqueſt of; but as her temper was bad, and ſhe had not quite art enough to conceal it, I was not eaſily attracted.

It was eaſy to foreſee that the kind of maſked warfare I was forced to wage with the inſinuating inquiſitiveneſs of Mrs. Iſborne,

Iſborne, and the more intereſted queries of her companion, could not endure long. My protectreſs ſeemed to intimate that ſhe expected, by unreſerved confidence, to be repaid her bounty: in ſhort, her ears claimed what was due to her purſe.

An accident ſhortly reduced me to a ſituation of almoſt inextricable difficulty. Mrs. Iſborne had, very early in our acquaintance, convinced me ſhe was not a fit perſon to be entruſted with a ſecret, on which not only my future peace, but my livelihood, might depend. Judge then, my dear madam, what was my diſtreſs when one day accidentally dropping my handkerchief, ſhe perceived what I was unconſcious remained in any thing belonging to me, a D, with a coronet over it. This diſcovery made, ſhe avowed her ſuſpicions that ſome intereſting myſtery belonged to me: ſhe profeſſed her ſympathy for all ſufferers, as well thoſe who

who ſmarted under their own imprudence, as thoſe whom misfortune had undeſervedly overtaken; but ſhe could not, with all her benevolence, coax me into confidence. Preſently after ſhe had left me, I was aſſailed by Miſs Price, who, having found her efforts to win me over to her party ineffectual, was not quite ſo cordial as ſhe had been. She, it was evident, was ſent to pump me; and the method ſhe took was, that of intimidating me by throwing out hints that *concealment was not always uſed for honourable purpoſes*, and that *Mrs. Iſborne, in her ſituation, could not be too cautious in her connections.* After what I had ſeen in her houſe, which more reſembled an hotel for ſtrolling players than a reſpectable family manſion, I could ſcarcely forbear ſmiling at the latter inſinuation. I expreſſed to Miſs Price the gratitude I owed Mrs. Iſborne, and declared my intention of ſoon reſuming my journey.

When

When I next ſaw my benefactreſs ſhe aſſumed a different tone: —*ſhe was ſorry ſhe had been betrayed by her regard for me into unpardonable inquiſitiveneſs:—I might reſt ſatisfied ſhe would diſturb my ſorrows no more.*—I repeated what I had ſaid to her companion: ſhe would not hear of my leaving her: ſhe was fonder of me than ever. Our converſation ended in my promiſing to remain one fortnight longer; in which time, if ſhe could not procure me an eſtabliſhment, ſhe was to ſuffer me to depart.

Her exertions for me were now redoubled. Her heart was ſet on fixing me in her neighbourhood, and ſhe made enquiries for me in a way that, while it convinced me of her regard, often wounded my feelings. Companion to a lady was the only poſt I could at preſent think of; for abilities I had none; accompliſhments I had gained ſuperficially: in ſhort, I could be uſeful to no one

one but a perſon who would pay for the mere baniſhment of ſolitude. Nature had gifted me with a tolerable voice, and this Mrs. Iſborne extolled to the ſkies wherever ſhe had an opportunity of introducing, or even mentioning me; but I could not find that it recommended me: it forced me frequently to a very painful exertion, and ſoon drew me into a diſtreſſing ſituation.

Miſs Price had a brother, of no higher rank in life than that of manager of a country theatre. I had been forced to exhibit my vocal talent before him, and, whether at the inſtigation of Mrs. Iſborne, who found it difficult to perform her promiſe to me, or not, I will not determine, he offered me an engagement in his vagabond troop. My averſion to ſuch a mode of life was inſurmountable; and, either out of pride or delicacy, I rejected the propoſition. Mrs. Iſborne blamed me gently: Miſs Price was heinouſly

nouſly offended. She magnified her brother's importance in his profeſſion, adding, that in the enſuing ſeaſon he was to open a theatrical campaign *in Edinburgh*. She pointed out numberleſs advantages that muſt reſult to me from my compliance: ſhe ſaid ſomething about 'high ſpirit and low fortune,' and deſcanted on the folly of exceſſive nicety in perſons who had no right to chuſe for themſelves. I need not tell you I had no wiſh to viſit the Scottiſh metropolis, nor that I remained obdurate.

My benefactreſs, I could perceive, was chagrined at my obſtinacy, and leſs ſanguine in her hopes of retaining me near her; but in a day or two ſhe reſumed her natural chearfulneſs and good humour, and eagerly informed me that ſhe had ſomething very great, and which I could not refuſe, in agitation for me. What this great thing was, an accident

diſcloſed

diſcloſed when I was within four days of ſeeking my fortune elſewhere.

Amongſt the motley crew that frequented the houſe, was an elderly gentleman of rank and fortune; but of a character not obviouſly the moſt venerable: his converſation, whenever he dined with Mrs. Iſborne, ill accorded with his grey hairs and ſhaking hand; and generally improved into licentiouſneſs before we females quitted the table. Mrs. Iſborne affected to treat him at the ſame time with peculiar diſtinction and familiarity: no one was to take liberties with the veteran beau but herſelf; and ſhe ſeemed deſirous of manifeſting the aſcendancy ſhe had over him. He certainly was her ſuperior in intellect; but for what reaſon I had not diſcovered, he, on all occaſions, profeſſed great deference for her.

One

One day at noon, when Mrs. Iſborne and this gentleman were gone out together to enjoy a clear froſty atmoſphere on horſeback, Miſs Price, who, ſince my refuſal of her brother's offer, had ſcarcely deigned to ſpeak civilly to me, came abruptly into my chamber. She began a prolix oration, in the outſet of which ſhe adverted to my conduct towards Mr. Price; ſaid ſhe had, indeed, been vexed at ſeeing me ſo much my own enemy; but that, on farther conſideration, ſhe was convinced I had acted prudently. This unexpected benignity was followed by expreſſions of great concern for my welfare, by a very cordial embrace, and by obſcure hints of a danger which ſhe ſaid now threatened me. After many requeſts to her to explain her meaning, ſhe named Mrs. Iſborne as the perſon from whom the miſchief would come. I was charitably going to place all to the account of envy and malice in my informer, when ſhe produced a letter which,

which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had by chance found, and which ſhe gave me to read, deſiring me at the ſame time to keep it, as ſhe thought it very fit that I ſhould have it to produce hereafter in my own juſtification, and that ſuch a character as Mrs. Iſborne's ſhould be known to thoſe who at preſent held her in ſuch eſtimation.

At the firſt glance I knew the hand writing and ſignature of this letter to be that of the gentleman Mrs. Iſborne was then out with: it was as follows:

'Deareſt Iſborne,

'How can you deſire me to furniſh you with arguments? — You whoſe tongue Mercury has tipt with his prime eloquence. — But if I muſt be your prompter, I obey.

'Tell

'Tell her how great the offers I make are thought by good judges. Say ſhe cannot, in her ſtation of life, expect any gentleman to make her ſerious propoſals of marriage; and *entre nous*, I fancy Miſs is too haughty to accept any thing under gentility. By the bye, 'tis her pride encourages me: humility will take up with honeſt poverty, but pride embraces ſplendid infamy.—Look through the world, you will ſee pride fills our ſeraglios: Miſs cannot ſtoop to work, therefore ſhe accepts my lord.—But this is foreign to my ſubject.

'We agreed to threaten her with Price's brother if ſhe is refractory. I think I can improve the ſcheme. Give her her choice, either to take what I offer, what Price offers, or to pay you for her board (for which, in the ſtile you live in, you may and muſt charge exorbitantly) and to depart the country as a perſon of ſuſpected character. In either way

way I ſhall be gratified; if ſhe takes me, happineſs awaits me; if Price has her, I ſhall ſoon have her; and if ſhe flies the pit, I will contrive to overtake her, and can ſoon prevail on her to return. All this, depend on it, you may very conſcientiouſly engage in; for it muſt ultimately be for her advantage. Let me, however, have one half hour's converſation with you before you ſpeak.

'Yours, &c.'

Whatever this infamous ſcheme might be that *the letter* was advantageous to me, I willingly confeſs. It was a mirror which ſhewed me the dangers to which my youth and perſon would expoſe me, if I was not in the higheſt degree cautious; and it diſcovered the tremendous precipice I at that moment ſtood on.—The revealer of this important ſecret, I looked on as my guardian ſaint: I was perſuaded

perſuaded I had wronged her in my judgement; and with the utmoſt confidence in her friendſhip, and gratitude for her generous interference, not once ſuſpecting that ſhe was only reſcuing me from one miſery to involve me in another, I on my knees conjured her to deviſe the means neceſſary to my eſcape.

Happy I thought it for my helpleſſneſs, that this Alicia had projected a plan for ſecuring me againſt the impending evil. I heard in what it conſiſted, and that was ſufficient to convince me of its poſſibility and efficacy.--She adviſed me inſtantly to quit the houſe, and, that Mrs. Iſborne might have no juſt ground of complaint, to leave behind me what little money I was poſſeſſed of, with a note ſtating my inability to defray more of any ſuppoſed debt. Money, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould not want, as ſhe had it then in her power to place me immediately *in a family* where I ſhould be received in a very

very genteel ſtation, and at a ſettled ſalary.

I did in every particular as Miſs Price adviſed. I divided my ſmall ſtock of clothes into two bundles, one of which ſhe kindly offered to carry; the other I took, and we ſet out together on foot for this land of promiſe. Miſs Price told the ſervants we were going to a mantua-maker's in the next village, and we poſted forward, I every moment looking behind, and in fear of a purſuit.

After a walk of about two miles, we came into a village, and my companion, under pretence of enquiring the way, turned into a paltry inn. She whiſpered the woman of the houſe; and we were, to my great aſtoniſhment, ſhewn into a parlour where ſat a man. He roſe, and I knew him to be the country-manager, my treacherous conductreſs's brother.—She inſtantly diſappeared: I

attempted to follow her:—the door was faſtened. Price began to talk in a rapid rant ſuited to his profeſſional character: I rang the bell—no one anſwered it; and here I was in a danger ſtill greater than that I had eſcaped from; for the contents of the letter, I knew I was yet within reach of the writer.

In this diſtreſs, my violent paſſions befriended me. I was furious with rage at the abominable deceit that had been put on me. My voice was louder than the manager's; and in a few minutes, while we were at high words, a violent blow ſplit the room door from top to bottom, and I ſaw a gentleman, dreſt in the uniform of the guards, enter with a poker in his hand with which he had effected his admiſſion: he addreſſed himſelf to Mr. Price; and while he was ſpeaking, I recollected in his perſon that of captain Dibart, who in the days of my tyranny had declared himſelf a candidate for my

regard,

regard, and whom, about two years before, I had treated in a way that left me no pretenſions even to common humanity.

The captain immediately became my champion, and as Price could give no conſiſtent account of the ſituation in which he was found, turned to me for an explanation. I was going to ſpeak, when captain Dibart exclaimed, "Good Heaven! madam, have I not ſeen you before?" I acknowledged my previous acquaintance with him: but begged that all farther explanation might be poſtponed, till I was freed from my terrifying companion, of whom I ſaid enough to procure him a caning with his own ſtick: he took it with all the meekneſs of a ſcoundrel, and ſeemed to think himſelf well off in procuring his liberty on condition he ſhould moleſt me no farther.

When I was rid of him, and had calmed my agitation by a hearty cry, captain Dibart preſſed for a ſolution of the myſtery that enveloped me: he had loſt me when I quitted London, and his aſtoniſhment was increaſed by his ignorance of all that had befallen me in Edinburgh. I knew him to be a man of worth and honour; and he expreſſed ſuch genuine pity for me, that I unheſitatingly revealed my ſingular diſtreſſes. He found me a very different creature from her he had with an ill-returned aſſiduity courted. I confeſſed my errors: he comforted, he ſoothed, and he counſelled me, promiſing me his conſtant friendſhip, and his utmoſt intereſt.

In return for my communication he informed me, that he was recently married to a lady of family and very large fortune, whom I had often heard of as having a paſſion for him, but to whom I was an entire ſtranger. I gueſſed he had married

married her rather out of compaſſion than love; but he ſpoke in high terms of her merit, and prudently endeavoured to convince me he was completely happy in his choice.

Accident had brought him to this ſordid place. While on a journey, his wife had been taken ill and was now confined. I begged to be introduced to this lady as *Mary Hamilton*, not as a perſon he had any knowledge of, but as one to whom he had caſually rendered an eſſential ſervice, and who was in queſt of a decent livelihood.

Mrs. Dibart was recovering, but ſtill kept her chamber, and was juſt in that ſituation which rendered a companion acceptable. She received me politely and kindly, grew hourly more attached to me, and at the expiration of eight days, without her at all knowing who I really was, I came with them to their houſe

in Clarges ſtreet, Piccadilly. Here they treated me in the moſt friendly manner: the captain ſhewed himſelf my diſintereſted friend, and Mrs. Dibart was not leſs kind to me. She was very deſirous I ſhould continue with her, and I ſhould have been at a loſs for reaſons againſt it, had not her huſband relieved me by oppoſing it as injurious to me. To prevent a neceſſity, which would have been on many accounts extremely diſtreſſing, he ſought amongſt his acquaintance for a ſituation agreeable to me. This he ſoon found; and in a few weeks I was ſettled, quite to my ſatisfaction, with lady Cadwicke, to whoſe memory I ſhall ever owe the trueſt gratitude.

My poſt was far from ſervile, and was rendered ſtill eaſier by Captain Dibart's ſucceſs in intereſting lady Cardwicke for me by a confidential diſcloſure of my misfortunes. She herſelf was a woman of high birth, large fortune, and elegant manners:

manners: to theſe external recommendation, ſhe added, great good ſenſe improved by education, and a temper the moſt enviable. She had, a ſhort time before I came to her, loſt an only child, a daughter: the ſtroke had damped her natural chearfulneſs; but it ſeemed to render her ſtill more amiable. Calamity had tuned her ſpirits to plaintive harmony, and they were in uniſon with thoſe of the wretched creature ſhe ſheltered.

It was to ſupply the *vacuum* occaſioned by this grievous loſs, that captain Dibart recommended me to lady Cadwicke. I objected that I ſhould but increaſe her melancholy. Truſt me, who know her, he replied; lady Cadwicke's thoughts will now find ſalutary occupation: her benevolence will be directed towards you, and in the exertion to chear you ſhe will forget her own ſorrows.

A few weeks reſidence with this ami-

able woman wrought a wonderful change in me. I could think of the paſt, and ſmile; and I grew ſeriouſly thankful that I was removed from the perilous pre-eminence I had been mocked with. A woman of lady Cadwicke's diſcernment ſoon diſcovered the errors in my education: ſhe did her utmoſt to correct them. My intellectual powers had till now been nearly uſeleſs to me: I hardly knew I poſſeſſed any: it was ſhe who taught me to improve them to advantage, and furniſhed me with the means of improvement. As if I really had been her daughter, ſhe engaged and paid maſters to inſtruct me in whatever ſhe thought neceſſary, or found I had an inclination to learn: in all other reſpects ſhe kept me as one of her family: I had a female ſervant to wait on me; I had the uſe of her carriage, was introduced by her into every proper company, and univerſally noticed as lady Cadwicke's adopted daughter.

Nor

Nor did her goodneſs ſtop here. Far from wiſhing to retain me in a dependent ſituation, ſhe was always anxious to promote my enjoyments unconnectedly with her's; and when ſhe ſaw me the object of *male attention*, and ſerious addreſſes were made to me by reſpectable gentlemen, ſhe would frequently lament my raſh marriage, and proteſt that but for that ſhe would herſelf give me a ſuitable fortune, and inſiſt on my accepting ſome one of the many advantageous offers made me. I cannot ſay I felt equally mortified with her ladyſhip at the ſhackles I had impoſed on myſelf. I was perſuaded my heart was formed without an aperture for the deſtructive paſſion; and as it continued, notwithſtanding all ſolicitations, in a ſtate of abſolute freedom, I was glad to have a reaſon within myſelf for refuſing what I was, indeed, indifferent to. I had nothing nearer love in my compoſition than gratitude and friendſhip; and theſe

I felt ſo ſtrongly claimed by lady Cadwicke, that had the Indies been offered me I would not have left her.

I reckoned myſelf fortunate in eſcaping recollection. Lady Cadwicke did not keep a great deal of company; but ſome few perſons I occaſionally ſaw whom I had known intimately. My change of ſituation had produced ſuch an alteration in my perſon and deportment: my late illneſs and diſtreſs had ſo reduced me, and by abandoning an artificial complexion and all art, I had ſo entirely varied the caſt of my countenance, that I found myſelf in no danger.

I had enjoyed this ſtate of ſingular happineſs, of which I regularly informed my charming friend, lady Donachmuir, only eighteen months, and was juſt compleating my twenty-third year, when one morning lady Cadwicke complained of being indiſpoſed: there was nothing

obviouſly alarming in her ſymptoms; but ſhe was well aware that her life was in danger. She was perfectly compoſed, and ſtrove to appear chearful; but the exertion it coſt her declared all was not right. I expreſſed my anxiety, and begged I might ſend for advice: ſhe replied by requeſting me with her accuſtomed politeneſs to reach her a ſheet of paper—I thought ſhe was going to write a note to her phyſician. She folded the paper with the greateſt nicety and the cooleſt deliberation; and while ſhe dipt her pen, ſhe ſaid, that the manner in which ſhe was attacked warned her that ſhe had not long to live—ſhe regretted nothing, ſhe ſaid, except leaving me, and was going to make a ſhort codicil to her will in order to provide for me. I begged her rather to attend to her health, which was to me a matter of infinitely more importance.—Ah, my dear, ſhe replied, that is paſt attending to—A

conſtitution never ſtrong can at three-ſcore ill ſupport ſevere ſhocks—yet, if it will be any ſatisfaction to you, ſend for Dr. Saunders.—I roſe to obey her—ſhe began writing, and had proceeded as far as '*I alſo give and bequeath the ſum of five thouſand pounds to Amabel Mary Hamilton Bruce*'———her pen dropt from her hand; I ſprang to aſſiſt her, and the dear woman expired in the act of embracing me. Every means of recovery was tried, but, alas! ſhe was gone for ever.

You, my dear madam, I am ſure feel for my ſufferings on this occaſion—Your candor will believe that the world could not have recompenſed me for the loſs of ſuch a friend. You will allow me to pauſe on the ſubject, for it is ſtill freſh as ever in my remembrance.

As ſoon as I could recollect myſelf I

ſent to Captain Dibart, begging him to come to me: he came, and carefully preſerved the imperfect cordicil; and when the news of lady Cadwicke's death brought lord Cheſton, her nephew and heir, to the houſe, an exertion the young gentleman needed not to be rouſed to, he produced and ſhewed it to him, explaining ſo much of my ſtory as was neceſſary to account for this deſignation of me.

His lordſhip, too honeſt to aſſume even the ſemblance of woe, had, immediately on entering the houſe, begun to ranſack it, and had very ſoon diſcovered that property to the amount of near four thouſand pounds a year devolved to him. Captain Dibart preſſed for a recognition of my right: the man of wealth was cautious, nor would he make any ſatisfactory reply till he had the opinion of his attorney, who was, he ſaid,

on

on the way to him. After a ſhort conſultation between them, it was agreed that the codicil was null with reſpect to me, becauſe it named a perſon apparently of the name of *Bruce*.—And now, madam, ſaid his lordſhip with the moſt amiable ſtoiciſm, if you chuſe to conteſt the point, I am quite as ready for a Chancery ſuit as you can be.

I knew lord Cheſton too well to expect any other treatment. My deceaſed friend and he were not on good terms; for ſhe abhorred his character, in which avarice alone exceeded libertiniſm. Every argument that captain Dibart could uſe to procure me even a part of the legacy, was ineffectual; and I had only to regret that my parents had been ſo liberal of names to me: the misfortune would have fallen heavier had it come ſingle or ſooner. My loſs was that of lady Cadwicke; and ſhe had taught me to bear the leſs evil.

Her

Her houſe, which was in Groſvenor Square, became lord Cheſton's property; and he did not wait for the funeral to be over before he hinted that I was at liberty. So early a diſmiſſion I had not looked for; and therefore had as yet provided no retreat. I was, it is true, three hundred pounds richer than when I became acquainted with lady Cadwicke: ſhe had been profuſely kind to me; had kept my purſe filled, and always made my purchaſes preſents; but her death was too ſudden for me to be prepared for it; and, after it, my grief had wholly occupied my thoughts.

Captain Dibart had ſuſpended his particular attentions while I did not need them; and I had no claim on him for their renewal; but no ſooner did lord Cheſton's brutal callofity manifeſt itſelf, than this generous friend again declared himſelf my protector. My ſituation, with reſpect to him, was, I was aware, extremely

extremely delicate; but the unremitting circumſpection with which he acted, and which, till I knew his wife better, I thought ſometimes more than was neceſſary, prevented my ever feeling any uneaſineſs.

It was requiſite, after the diſcovery lady Cadwicke's codicil had made, to let Mrs. Dibart a little farther into my confidence; but ſhe was ſtill a ſtranger to her huſband's former attachment to me, and to my particular ſituation: he effectually concealed it; and, without manifeſting any uncommon ſolicitude for me, farther than as a perſon who muſt be helped or periſh, he contrived to make her fond of me to exceſs. Whatever he did for me ſeemed the conſequence of his wiſh to oblige her: he appeared to act entirely as ſhe dictated; and had I been only a by-ſtander, I ſhould have judged Mrs. Dibart the *primum mobile* of all his beneficence.

As

As ſoon as I had ſeen the laſt duties paid to my ever-honoured lady Cadwicke, Mrs. Dibart fetched me to Clarges ſtreet, and I was ſcarcely ſeated in her houſe when ſhe made a ſolemn vow that nothing but death ſhould part us. All I could urge to perſuade her it was proper I ſhould ſeek my living, was in vain: ſhe would hear nothing againſt her ſpending her life *in the bleſt ſociety of her deareſt Hamilton.* She exacted a promiſe from the captain that I ſhould not be removed: he endeavoured to convince her reaſon; but reaſon ſhe was incapable of liſtening to in the frenzy of her fondneſs. — But, ſaid her huſband jeſtingly, ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould chuſe to marry, would you hinder her for the ſake of her company? —— Oh, no, no; ſhe would not hinder me: our two families ſhould be united, and we were never, never to part. Captain Dibart at length, overcome by her intreaties, promiſed that I ſhould abide with her till

ſhe

ſhe or I choſe to part; or till, added he, I grow jealous of your love for her.

The aſſiduities of theſe kind friends, and more particularly the fraternal friendſhip with which captain Dibart honoured me, gradually abated the violence of my grief. In every turn of fortune I felt what I owed to the correcting hand of adverſity; and I roſe from ſorrow to a ſtate of placid melancholy, with a head and heart, I hope, benefited by the recent affliction.

Before I detail the events that ſucceeded, it is fit you ſhould be a little acquainted with the characters and tempers of my new protectors. Of captain Dibart I can ſay nothing adequate to the idea I entertain of his worth. He was, as far as my ſhort-ſighted faculties enable me to judge, a gentleman, a ſoldier, and a Chriſtian in as high perfection as mortality is capable of attaining to. At this time

time he was about thirty years of age: the ſobriety of middle age began to mellow the vivacity of youth: and he was at once reſpectable and amiable. Partial as you are to me, my dear lady Catherine, you muſt I am certain, here aſk yourſelf how I could be ſo inſenſible, ſo blind, and ſo ungrateful as to refuſe a man deſerving of ſuch encomiums. I anſwer, that when he addreſſed me I ſaw objects only through the concave lens of pride and vanity: he was then only captain-lieutenant in his regiment; his patrimony was not large; his family was obſcure, and his father a merchant.

Mrs. Dibart was in her perſon ſhort and much too fat; her features were delicate, and more than commonly pretty; her complexion was very fine; but her countenance wanted animation in general: ſhe ſpoilt her figure by negligence, was flatternly in her dreſs, languid in her motions, and wholly indiſpoſed to all

all employment, except that ſort of converſation which is more fitly called *goſſiping*. In mind ſhe was a *carte blanche*, in temper ſhe was ſometimes engaging, oftener wearying: her affections were ſtrong; but her fondneſs tireſome: when *in ſpirits*, ſhe loaded her friends with careſſes; when *out of ſpirits* with complaints. She never thought her love for any one ſufficiently returned: ſhe was abject when placid; ſeldom thoroughly angry, but often diſpleaſed. In *the art of ingeniouſly tormenting*, I never knew her ſuperior. While a ſtranger would have thought her a pattern of meekneſs and an object of pity, ſhe was inflicting puniſhments the ſevereſt that can be felt by a ſuſceptible mind: her reproaches were at once pathetic and bitter. In her deſponding fits ſhe fancied every body wiſhed her dead, affected to think herſelf an incumbrance, and occaſionally appeared dying of a broken heart.

Till

Till the time I am ſpeaking of, Mrs. Dibart's character had appeared to me inſcrutable; but the diſguiſe which people aſſume before caſual viſitors, or thoſe whoſe good opinion they value, ſoon vaniſhes when intimacy ſucceeds. Preſently after I became an inmate in their family, I perceived, that however captain Dibart concealed it, ſhe led him a wearifome life; and that it would require all my caution to preſerve a neutrality between them.

I have often remarked that perſons diſabled by nature or accident in any of their limbs, have frequently (I do not ſay generally) a very miſchievous propenſity. You muſt have obſerved, my dear madam, that children ill nurſt are the moſt violent in their paſſions. The evil is readily traced to its ſource.—Power is what we all contend for, even from the cradle. The man with a diſtorted or ſhrunk limb feels his corporal inability

inability — unleſs his mind is endued with a ſuperior degree of firmneſs, and his diſpoſition innately good, he regrets it, he is angry at it, he envies thoſe to whom nature has been kinder, and his malice muſt find vent. The ricketty child ſees himſelf outſtript in the race by his playfellows: he cannot run; he ſits down and roars — in a ſhort time he finds, that if he cannot equal, he can impede them — here is a ſpecies of power within his reach.

Weakneſs of mind produces effects ſtill more deplorable than weakneſs of body. I could, in a ſhort time, deduce every error in Mrs. Dibart's temper from this defect. She could not amuſe, but ſhe could embitter: ſhe could not make herſelf of importance; ſhe therefore claimed attention by complaint: ſhe could not riſe to the level of another's happineſs; but ſhe could bring it down to her own. In exerciſing this power,

power, fit only for the climate of the Pandemonium, it is needleſs to aſk who was the greateſt ſufferer, ſhe or thoſe ſhe teazed. Let it ever be remembered by perſons of this unhappy diſpoſition, that I have known Mrs. Dibart, after ſhe had for a whole day indulged in this abominable humour, and poiſoned the felicity of a large party, return home peeviſh and fretful, and ſpend hours in tears, ſecretly regretting, I am confident, the folly ſhe had been guilty of, and the pleaſures ſhe had loſt.

This temper, which is too deſpicable to deſerve a particular portrait, were it not for the conſequences it produced, occaſioned in a few months after I was ſettled with its unhappy poſſeſſor, an event ſo diſtreſſing to us all, that I tremble in relating it. We were living in a ſtyle of rational chearfulneſs and domeſtic comfort, and I began to flatter myſelf I had by example rouſed my kind, though

weak

weak friend to activity and innocent gaiety. I was ſedulous in my endeavours to retain and improve thoſe accompliſhments which good lady Cardwicke had pointed out or procured for me: theſe occupied my leiſure, and afforded me perpetual amuſement; and Mrs. Dibart began to perceive *how pleaſant it was to have ſomething to do.* Her huſband remarked the amended ſtate of her ſpirits, as he prudently and good-naturedly termed it, and it would have been difficult to have found under one roof a more ſober comfortable trio; when one evening in the ſpring, as ill fate would have it, Mrs. Dibart took it in her head to go to Ranelagh. The captain was engaged from home; but begged that might not hinder her.—No, ſaid Mrs. Dibart, it will not hinder me, but Hamilton and I muſt have a gentleman to go with us.—I will ſend to count Iſmenini, and aſk him to accompany us.—The cap-

captain did not object: the meſſage was ſent, and the party formed. It conſiſted only of Count Iſmenini, his lady, and us two.

The Count, who was our intimate acquaintance, was a true Italian; fond of his wife to exceſs, but ſo jealous that I am perſuaded, if captain Dibart had been of the company, he would have kept her away. He was near fifty years of age, had been a long time in England, and was now about to return to Naples with his newly-married lady, a beautiful and amiable Engliſhwoman, not twenty years of age, of good family, but no fortune, and whom parental authority had cruelly compelled to prefer this Italian to a young man of her own country, to whom ſhe was much attached, and from whom want of money alone had ſeparated her. Her caſe was deplorable; and ſhe was ſtruggling, in the moſt laudable manner, againſt the effects of it on her mind.

The Count in the courſe of the evening leaving us to ſpeak to the Neapolitan ambaſſador, we females ſat down in a box that we might not loſe him in the croud. I knew Mrs. Dibart was not to be truſted, even in this ſhort interval, to find unexceptionable topics of converſation for her friend, who was ſtill more than uſually low-ſpirited: I therefore endeavoured to fill up the chaſm, and divert the counteſs's thoughts from what I feared occupied them, by the common-place remarks of ſuch an aſſembly. But Mrs. Dibart got the better of me, and entirely defeated my purpoſe, by bluntly aſking her if ſhe had heard *what was become of Simmons:* this was the gentleman to whom her friend's affections had been engaged, and conſequently the laſt perſon ſhe ought to have enquired after.

The counteſs anſwered with aſſumed indifference, that ſhe knew nothing of Mr. Simmons, that ſhe ſhould hence-

forth conſider herſelf a Neapolitan; and, added ſhe gaily, as is uſual in all elevations, ſtrive to forget my old friends. A deep ſigh, which at that moment eſcaped her, might have informed the ſagacity of any one acquainted with the ſacrifice ſhe had made, that it was duty alone that dictated her laſt words; but Mrs. Dibart, more, I am firmly perſuaded, from a deſire of teazing than from any real miſapprehenſion, would not underſtand them ſo: ſhe in querulous pathos, reproached the counteſs with inſincerity in what ſhe had ſaid, and with hypocriſy in her profeſſions of friendſhip for her, and indifference to Mr. Simmons, and ſhe concluded by telling her, rather in a higher tone than was prudent, that ſhe well knew whoever had her hand, Simmons ſtill poſſeſſed her heart; adding, I have your letters, in which you proteſted you ſhould ever love Simmons, and that it was only your father's commands that prevailed on you to marry Iſmenini. Ah,

Harriet! how can you pretend ſuch indifference? You may as ſoon make me believe you love that dingy old fellow your huſband, as that you do not love Simmons.

The tears now ſtarted from counteſs Iſmenini's beautiful eyes, and Mrs. Dibart perhaps not quite aware of the miſchievous tendency of all ſhe had ſaid, tried to ſoothe her with expreſſions of ſorrow and fondneſs: we ſucceeded in hiding her emotion from the company, and all was again peace. We left our ſeats to mix in the gaudy circle, and ſeek the count. Judge, my dear madam, how fit I was to purſue the amuſement, and what I felt when I perceived that the ſuſpicious Italian, from whom his lady's prior attachment had been hitherto ſucceſsfully kept a ſecret, had poſted himſelf in the next box to us, where I could not doubt, he had overheard all that had been ſaid. My companion

panions did not ſee him: I dared not reveal what I had diſcovered; we walked on, and he joined us, with a countenance that made me hope all was yet well, and that he had ſat down after Mrs. Dibart was ſilenced:—but then why did he not come to us?

We returned to our reſpective homes. I gave Mrs. Dibart a gentle hint of the pain ſhe had cauſed her friend: ſhe treated it lightly, and juſtified it by ſaying ſhe loved to torment her ladyſhip, for ſhe was always a prude. I could not ſee the logic of the argument, and the ſubject was dropped.

Two days elapſed without our hearing any thing of the Iſmenini family, whom, as being very near neighbours, we ſeldom ſpent one day without ſeeing either at our houſe, or paſſing by; and I grew very anxious to know that my fears had been groundleſs. How to get informa-

tion I could not contrive. I could not mention the ſubject of my apprehenſions to captain Dibart. Mrs. Dibart was not to be truſted, even if I prevailed on her to make the counteſs a viſit; and it was hardly probable the latter would ſhew any ſpontaneous civility to one who really to ſay the leaſt of it, had groſly affronted her. As to myſelf, I was not ſufficiently accuſtomed to viſit any where without Mrs. Dibart, to do it without exciting wonder and ſuſpicion; and early in my preſent ſituation, I had diſcovered that my fond friend was, like moſt other helpleſs people, not a little inclined to jealouſy.

I was ſuffering under this cruel dilemma when on the third morning after our memorable party to Ranelagh, captain Dibart at breakfaſt having the newſpaper in his hand, read aloud an article to the following purport.

'Yeſ-

'Yeſterday morning early a duel was 'fought in Hyde park between a Nea-'politan nobleman well known in the 'Corps diplomatique, and a Mr. S———, 'in which the latter was ſhot through 'the lungs, and expired in two hours 'after. The nobleman is ſaid to have 'eſcaped his purſuers. The cauſe of 'this unhappy quarrel is not known.'

Captain Dibart had concluded the paragraph before it occurred to him that he knew the parties alluded to. I was ſpeechleſs with horror. Mrs. Dibart who was amuſing herſelf with combing her favourite dog, had not attended; and had not the captain, ſtarting, cried out, Why ſure 'tis Iſmenini! ſhe would not, and I could not have ſaid a word. In an inſtant I ſaw through the whole chain of circumſtances; but I remained ſilent and motionleſs, till again glancing his eye over the article he ſaw one under it at which he changed colour. He put

the paper into my hand without ſpeaking, and I read to myſelf 'Yeſterday 'evening died SUDDENLY at his houſe in 'Curzon ſtreet, the lady of Count Iſmenini.'

Mrs. Dibart, now grown exceſſively curious, ſnatched the paper from me, and I haſtily left the room. She ſoon followed me: ſhe was ſhocked, but I perceived not alarmed as I was. She aſked me why I had quitted the room, and almoſt in the ſame breath, why *ſuddenly* was printed in a different character from the reſt of the paragraph. I could make no reply.

Captain Dibart now ſent for me: his wife returned with me to the breakfaſt parlour; and it was propoſed to ſend to the Count's for intelligence, as the facts we hoped might be erroneous or exaggerated. The reply was a diſmal confirmation of the melancholy news, and the

the following billet ſealed and addreſſed to Mrs. Dibart.

'But for you, my dear madam, I 'ſhould never have known the contempt 'in which I have been held by my per-'fidious wife and her infamous lover. 'The honor of my family is wounded: 'I have revenged myſelf on the inſolent 'woman, and am this moment ſetting 'out to meet my rival. Whether I live 'or die, I have the ſatisfaction of reflect-'ing, I have not tacitly endured the in-'ſult.

'Count Iſmenini.'

To render this at all intelligible to captain Dibart, from whom it could not be concealed, a moſt painful explanation was neceſſary. He looked to me in vain for it. Mrs. Dibart dying with horror and remorſe, accuſed herſelf, and in broken ſentences related a few particulars of the fatal converſation at Rane-

lagh. All we could now do ſcarcely preſerved her ſenſes, and for ſome days ſhe was in a moſt alarming ſtate, her huſband ſcarcely leſs diſtracted, and I ſupported only by the neceſſity of adminiſtring comfort to them.

Mrs. Dibart however in a few weeks regained her health, and the impreſſion wore out of her mind with aſtoniſhing rapidity; but the misfortune had produced a ſettled gloom in that of her huſband, who was ſtill tender to her, but in whoſe eſteem or affection I could, from his behaviour, plainly diſcover ſhe had no longer a place. To add to our diſtreſſes, this imprudent woman herſelf revealed to a common acquaintance, whom ſhe ſtyled a confidential friend, the ſhare ſhe had had in the cataſtrophe we lamented. Hitherto it had not been divulged; but now the town were made privy to it, and it became a faſhionable topic of idle converſation. Mrs. Dibart

grew

grew vehement in juſtifying herſelf to thoſe ſhe converſed with on the ſubject, and rendered the captain's ſituation intolerable. He was remarked as the huſband of the lady who had occaſioned the duel: ſerious people grew ſhy of viſiting at the houſe; and in public, where Mrs. Dibart would ſtill obtrude herſelf, we were abſolutely pointed at, and in one inſtance hiſſed.

I ſaw with the deepeſt concern the effect of this on captain Dibart's mind, and finding that in proportion as his wife diſguſted him, he became more attached to me, I propoſed withdrawing from the houſe: he acquieſced, but ſhe would not allow me to urge it: ſhe ſolemnly proteſted I ſhould be guilty of murder if I left her: ſhe was beginning to reproach me with a breach of friendſhip, and my ſpirits not being ſtrong enough to ſtand altercation, I, to pacify her, poſtponed the ſubject.

Time did not ſeem to mend our ſituation. We had removed to captain Dibart's houſe in Surry for quiet, but the melancholy of inactive life increaſed his dejection. We had been there but a ſhort time, when contrary to his uſual cuſtom, he ſet off for town, attended only by his groom, without aſſigning any other cauſe for his departure than buſineſs. Surely my fears that he was going, never to return, cannot be termed ill-founded ſuſpicion. I dared not enquire his motives; but I took leave of him under the afflicting perſuaſion that I ſhould ſee him no more.

Return, however, he did in four days, and I flattered myſelf in an improved ſtate of health and ſpirits. On his ſudden arrival he came into the room where I was ſitting with Mrs. Dibart; and after relating the occurrences of his journey, he told us he muſt immediately prepare for a longer journey.—I was again alarmed

—Which

—Which way? ſaid Mrs. Dibart, without taking her eyes off the lap dog ſhe was fondling.—Acroſs the Atlantic, he replied, in a tone of unuſual determination. I yeſterday completed an exchange of commiſſion with a friend in a marching regiment now under ſailing orders, and I depart in ten days.

Wonder ſtopt Mrs. Dibart's voice for ſome moments; but ſhe recovered it to load her huſband with reproaches for *his unexampled cruelty*: ſhe hung about his neck; ſhe cried herſelf into agonies—he was a barbarous man—he would be the death of her—if her father had been alive, he would not have dared to uſe her ſo.

You miſtake me and the predicament I ſtand in, Charlotte, replied he, coolly. Your father was a man of ſenſe and diſcernment, and I am certain, had he been alive, would have adviſed me to quit a country

country where his daughter's imprudence had rendered her odious, and me contemptible. — A ſucceſſion of hyſterics followed this too juſt reproof. He ſtaid to ſee her reſtored to her ſenſes, and then left us.

The firſt ſtep this injudicious ſelf-tormenting woman took to avert the impending evil was to intreat me to talk to captain Dibart and diſſuade him from his reſolution. I had many reaſons for declining the office; but oppoſition Mrs. Dibart never would bear. I therefore reluctantly obeyed.

I found him in the library. He admitted me at my firſt requeſt; but at ſight of me ſhook his head, as if I diſtreſſed him, and ſaid, Why would you come, lady Linfield? — the appellation ſtartled me: he was not accuſtomed to uſe it even between ourſelves: his countenance and my extreme perturbation equally

equally forbid enquiry. I began to diſcharge my commiſſion by ſaying Mrs. Dibart had ſent me to know whether the dreadful reſolution he had formed was unalterable. It is, he replied: it is my only reſource. Think, my deareſt friend, continued this worthy and unhappy man, think to what a dilemma ſhe has reduced me, by the want only of a little common prudence. I muſt live deſpiſed or make her wretched. I entertain no reſentment againſt her: her temper is a natural infirmity: ſhe has merit, but not underſtanding ſufficient to give it force. I love her, I pity her: I have ſacrificed myſelf to her; and the ſufferings, or rather the agonies of my life are now increaſed to a height I cannot endure. I ſhall endeavour to leave her at eaſe, and I hope you will continue your kindneſs towards her.—My tears choaked my voice: he took my hand, and ſaying, lady Linfield, if you value my peace

leave

leave me, he gently put me out of the room.

He remained firm to his purpoſe; in a few days quitted us to join his regiment, and left Mrs. Dibart inconſolable. Her grief was, I truſted, too violent to laſt long, and the levity of her mind, I hoped, would ſoon prove its medicine. How great then was my ſurpriſe, when on the morning after his departure, ſhe came to my bed ſide before it was light, and begged me to riſe, for that ſhe was determined to follow her huſband! I remonſtrated, really out of compaſſion to the poor man, whoſe plagues I feared ſhould haunt him. She was immovably obſtinate: reſiſtance or refuſal was to no purpoſe. I roſe, dreſſed in all haſte, and aſſiſted her in making neceſſary arrangements. She could furniſh nothing but the reſolution to be gone. I was in a few hours to prepare for her campaign in America. Leſt ſhe ſhould take it for granted

granted that I would accompany her, which I was determined not to do, I threw out a hint that I ſhould return to town as ſoon as ſhe had ſailed. She was aſtoniſhed; I was reſolute, and thought I had carried a point ſo important to myſelf, when ſhe dropped on her knees before me and conjured me, unleſs I meant to leave her to periſh among ſtrangers and in a foreign country, not to deſert her. I had flattered myſelf I was proof againſt her abject ſupplications; but I was not. I conſented through compaſſion to that which my judgement ſtrongly condemned.

On ſuch ſhort notice it was impoſſible to make proviſion fit for the occaſion, and we muſt go miſerably unfurniſhed. In a few hours I had given all the directions that could be executed in our limited time. Our clothes were packed up and ſent forward, and we ourſelves at ſun-

ſun-riſe the next day ſet out in queſt of captain Dibart.

We reached Portſmouth without encountering any diſaſters, and eaſily found him we ſought. Hurt as he reaſonably was at the vexation his wife procured him, I ſaw he approved the principle on which ſhe acted: he received us with joy, perhaps not the leſs for our ſeparation.

Contrary winds detained us a fortnight at Portſmouth, in which time we had muſtered whatever was moſt eſſential to our comfort: the ſeaſon was ſummer, the weather was fine; Mrs. Dibart, delighted with having obeyed the impulſe of her affection, was really amiable: ſhe flattered herſelf that an accommodation between the mother country and her colonies would, before the next ſeaſon of action, put a ſtop to the effuſion of blood. Captain Dibart, for our greater convenience

ence obtained a paſſage for himſelf and us in a New-York packet, and we left the Engliſh ſhore, if not without regret, at leaſt in tolerable chearfulneſs.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the ſcene when we got out to ſea. It was new to Mrs. Dibart and to myſelf: ſhe ſeemed to have left all womaniſh fears behind her, and was in raptures at the boundleſs views our ſituation afforded. As we not only could keep on deck, but wiſhed to be always there, we both eſcaped ſea-ſickneſs. Captain Dibart was recovering a degree of chearfulneſs: no one about us ſeemed aware of the misfortune that had exiled us, and a more harmonious triumvirate had rarely ſet forward on ſo irkſome an expedition.

But our felicities ſeemed the joys of intoxication. A fortnight's impriſonment on ſhip-board produced a lamentable alteration in Mrs. Dibart. She was ſurfeited

ſurfeited with what had at firſt ſight delighted her: ſhe began to hate the ſight of the element we were on; and happy was it for her character of *conjugal attachment*, that no means of returning to the Britiſh ſhore offered, otherwiſe I am certain ſhe would, for the ſake of domeſtic indulgences, gladly have relinquiſhed all pretenſions to the fame of heroiſm.

The *tædium* of a long voyage is, I confeſs, a trial to which few tempers unfortunately linked to a vacant mind are equal. Had it not been for the kind endeavours of my good lady Cadwicke, I ſhould ſoon have ſuffered all that diſtreſſed my inert friend: happy was it for me that before this time a proper bias had been given to my faculties. 'Tis true, I felt that I was confined to a ſmall ſpace, but Nature had ſpread a wide field before my window.

Captain Dibart was a man of general ſcience,

ſcience, a naturaliſt, and an aſtronomer. Two gentlemen of conſiderable and various information were our fellow paſſengers. One of them, a clergyman of the name of Holmes, had received all the advantages of an univerſity education, and added to them every attainment of a gentleman and a ſcholar. He was, I ſuppoſe, near fifty, had travelled over Europe with an obſerving eye, and as we ſoon accidentally diſcovered, in company with lord Cheſton, and had treaſured in his mind inexhauſtible ſources of inſtruction and amuſement. Our other companion was a lively young man of a very ingenious turn of mind, and though far leſs agreeable to me than Mr. Holmes, was well calculated to enliven our party. We underſtood him to belong to the law, and his name was Slarrow.

Mr. Holmes had on board with him a few Spaniſh books. He was enthuſiaſtically

tically fond of the language, and offered to beguile the time by inſtructing Mrs. Dibart and myſelf in the elements of it. She, languid and indolent as ever, ungraciouſly rejected the kindneſs. By recent application to French and Italian, my mind was inured to the drudgery of a grammar, and I gladly embraced the valuable offer.

My hours now flew. I had in theſe few Spaniſh authors a mine of pleaſure I could not exhauſt. The evenings I ſpent on deck with captain Dibart and Mr. Holmes, while Mr. Slarrow, Mrs. Dibart, the captain of the veſſel, and a lad his nephew, played whiſt in the great cabin. On deck we ſeldom failed of amuſement of the grandeſt kind: the canopy of Heaven was our ample volume: we read the characters impreſſed by the Almighty finger: our converſations were ſcientific and enlivened by chearful digreſſion. A deſire to bear a due

due ſhare in ſuch agreeable intercourſe, whetted my intellects and led me imperceptibly forward.

Mrs. Dibart all this while, confining herſelf to the cabin, devoted herſelf to *enuni* and its attendant ill-humour. It was impoſſible that a mind like her's, which was really far leſs inactive than her body, ſhould long remain wholly torpid: her faculties had the power of motion; but it was within a circumſcribed ſphere, and in a particular direction, generally, as her huſband juſtly obſerved, *tranſverſe* to the wiſhes of others. We know an uncultivated ſoil will, in ſpite of negligence, be productive.—But of what?—Of briars and thorns, ſurely. This was exactly the caſe of this unhappy woman: ſhe had rejected what would have occupied and amuſed her: ſhe was doomed to admit what would occupy her only to her torment.

I have

I have before told you, my dear madam, that captain Dibart was ſcrupulouſly and rigidly circumſpect in his conduct towards me. It was equally our wiſh always to have a third perſon preſent when we were together, and it rarely happened otherwiſe; but whenever chance brought us to a *téte-à-téte*, I obſerved he generally left me abruptly when he had ſaid what he wiſhed to ſay, or diſmiſſed me with a gentle and moſt agreeable rudeneſs. On theſe occaſions he had, ever ſince we were on ſhipboard, ſtyled me what I deteſted being called, *lady Linfield*. One day when he did it, I reminded him of the impropriety, and hinted, that his accuſtoming himſelf to it when we were alone, might diminiſh his caution at other times, and thus the ſecret would be divulged. It might not, I thought, be agreeable to the capricious humour of Mrs. Dibart to know ſhe had harboured a perſon who dared not avow himſelf. Be ſatisfied,

he

he replied. I will be very cautious—but I aſſure you, with ſuch a wife as I have, it is ſometimes neceſſary to call to mind that you are another's.

The import of theſe words did not pleaſe me. I ſaw that ſtill greater circumſpection on my part was requiſite. I confined myſelf more than ever to Mrs. Dibart. I drudged at picquet with her till I hated the ſight of *point*, *quint*, and *quatorze*: I made reiterated excuſes for not going on deck. I found the change in my mode of paſſing the time began to excite her curioſity: I then was compelled to reſume my former more congenial habits; and committing myſelf to the guidance of Providence, and truſting in the uprightneſs of my intention, I endeavoured to be at eaſe.

To be at eaſe was, however, impoſſible; for all things ſeemed at war with my peace. A fine evening had invited

e to the deck: it was moonlight; and rely the placid luminary never caſt her ver mantle ſo beautifully over drowſy ture. Mrs. Dibart was at her uſual ıiſt party. Mr. Holmes was indiſ-ſed and confined to his cabin. Of is latter circumſtance I was ignorant hen I went to enjoy the breeze. I found ıptain Dibart alone and thoughtful. Vhen I heard Mr. Holmes would not ›in us, I was returning to the great ıbin. The captain ſtopt me, and draw-ıg me aſide where he was ſure of not eing over heard, lady Linfield, ſaid he, greatly wiſh to ſpeak with you. I ſee ou ſhun me. I honour your caution, ut I am hurt at it. Let me here aſ-:re you, that however I am attached to ou, you have nothing to fear from my 'ant of command over myſelf. I have ombated, and I hope am victorious; ›r I can ſolemnly ſwear to you, that ra-ıer than I would give an unhappy wo-ıan, whoſe weakneſs is her greateſt fault,

fault, one moment's real uneaſineſs, I would plunge into the ſea before me. Be ſatisfied; you have no cauſe for alarm; and till I give you reaſon to be offended, do in pity contribute your aid to my bearing the almoſt inſupportable burthen I have taken on myſelf. I ſee with pleaſure the probability of a ſpeedy termination of my grievances: we may, perhaps, reach Quebec before the autumn is too far advanced for action, and ſomething deciſive of my fate. ——

I hindered the concluſion of a ſentence that harrowed every fibre of my frame: the tears followed ſilently down my cheeks: the moon diſcovered my want of fortitude. Captain Dibart forbore to diſtreſs me; and as ſoon as I had properly dreſſed my countenance, he permitted me to quit him.

Mrs. Dibart's wearineſs of the only amuſement ſhe had, had releaſed the

gentlemen. She was ſurpriſed at my quick return. I feigned head-ache. Now was the moment of ſprouting for the crop ſhe had allowed to vegetate in her mind, and at the ſame inſtant it burſt into bud, into flower, and into fruit. Miſs Hamilton, ſaid ſhe, ſtiffly, as ſoon as I had excuſed myſelf by the plea of indiſpoſition, there is ſomething lately very odd in you: you uſed to be fond of Dibart's company; you now ſeem to diſlike it. You have left the deck much ſooner I am ſure than you intended: you ſeem diſturbed, and appear to me to have been crying.— What does all this mean?

I was ſilent; for I knew not how to parry ſo unexpected an attack. She pauſed for a moment, and then went on, her countenance all the while lighting up with anger. — I ſee too plainly what it means; that I have been a weak, ſilly, credulous woman; — that in the perſon

I ſuppoſed my friend, I have found a rival, and that to lull me aſleep, you pretend to diſlike Dibart: his cruelty to me is now no wonder: Miſs Hamilton, you have been endeavouring to wean him from me. — I can ſee what attention he pays when you ſpeak, and with what contempt he treats any thing I ſay — you have ſupplanted me, you have betrayed me, and you are a wicked woman, with all your beauty and your art.

When our paſſions are violently agitated, we are apt to ſuppoſe no human patience capable of withſtanding what we have yielded to. Perhaps it was this error of ſelf-love that repreſented Mrs. Dibart's reproaches of me intolerable. Be it as it may, prudence required my reſenting her treatment of me; for I had, in more than one inſtance, remarked that a ſmall ſhew of ſpirit had been efficacious in curbing her malignity. I therefore oppoſed her calumnies with the ve-

hemence of conſcious innocence and offended pride. I threatened to report to her huſband what ſhe had ſaid, and that as ſoon as poſſible I would leave her and return to England.

I ſhould be guilty of the greateſt injuſtice if I ſuffered you, my dear madam, for one moment to infer from Mrs. Dibart's conduct, that ſhe was inſincere in her profeſſions of attachment to me. Her love for me, even in her worſt humours, was conſtant and exceſſive. I cannot dignify it with the name of friendſhip; it was the puling fondneſs of a ſpoiled child; it was ſuch as made the idea of my quitting her agonizing to her: ſhe would have thought herſelf devoted to deſtruction had I abandoned her. If ſhe happened to be alone when the ſea was at all rougher than uſual, ſhe was terrified; but if I was with her, ſhe was all peace and tranquillity. I was, in ſhort,

ſhort, her guard, her tutelar ſaint — a her ſlave.

The ſpirit with which I had repelle her ill-founded attack effectually ſilence and awed her; but the poiſon of jea louſy was not to be extracted by th tongue. In mere pity to her weakneſs I now conſulted her feelings alone; fo a natural ſenſe of rectitude, pointed ou to me the cruelty of gratifying myſelf, however innocently, at the expence o her eaſe; but let me do what I would, the conſequences were equally unfortunate. If I forbore going on deck, and ſhe happened to be in a ſtate of placid languor, ſhe would affect to lament the confinement ſhe compelled me to, throwing out a hint of the uneaſineſs *a lady of my ſtate* muſt ſuffer when abſent from the *philoſophic converſation of the learned.* If I went up but to inhale a purer air ſhe received me on my return wit' gloomy looks, uttering half ſuppreſſe

ſighs, as if ſhe was pining to death through her huſband's and my cruelty. It was, in fact, impoſſible for me to pleaſe her; nor was the captain at all more fortunate. If he was chearful, as thanks to her aſſiduities, he not often was, ſhe inferred that I had been with him: if he was melancholy, ſhe was ſorry ſhe had not the ſame *charming faculty of amuſing him* that I had.

And yet this fooliſh inconſiſtent woman did daily a thouſand things againſt her own intereſt and my inclinations. I was as free from all paſſion for captain Dibart, as for the man I had married: I reſpected, I honoured him: a brother could not have been dearer to me; and I am certain, had I accepted him when he addreſſed me, I muſt, even indifferent as I was, have been happy with him; but love had never entered my heart, nor did I believe it could find footing in ſo icy a territory. I could not however be

ſatisfied

ſatisfied that captain Dibart was as ſtoical as myſelf; nay, I had very good reaſon to believe the contrary; it was therefore extremely unpleaſant to me when his wife, whoſe aſcendency over him did not increaſe, would ſend me to urge requeſts he had refuſed her. This ſhe repeatedly, and in ſpite of all I could ſay, did.

In the evenings we had frequently lightning: it was not of a dangerous kind, and captain Dibart uſed to enjoy watching it. His *cara ſpoſa* would not be perſuaded of his ſafety: ſhe begged him to ſit with her in the cabin, and to lay at a diſtance from him his watch, buckles, &c. He often would not obey the ſummons; then I was ſent: he never refuſed me. Mrs Dibart ſeiſed this happy occaſion to reproach me with my ſuperior power over him; and I was at laſt forced to deſire him to be obſtinate. Till now he had not diſcovered

her jealouſy. Though I forbore aſſigning any cauſe for my odd requeſt, his penetration ſaw through all the circumſtances: it did not operate to Mrs. Dibart's advantage. Her huſband, Oh, how ill did ſhe deſerve ſuch a man! in proportion as ſhe diſguſted him, increaſed his reſtraint over himſelf: he avoided me as much as poſſible; and I with grief eſtranged myſelf from him: the remainder of our voyage was as unpleaſant as the outſet had been promiſing. It was an aggravated repetition of all I have deſcribed, which nothing but the ſociety of Mr. Holmes, to whom I willingly entruſted the whole of my ſtory, enabled me to bear with any degree of patience.

At length after a tedious paſſage, we arrived at New York, and from thence proceeded to Quebec. It was now about the middle of October; the rains had

had ſet in, and at Quebec we were to remain till the enſuing ſpring.

With the gaiety of a winter paſſed in this place, you, my dear madam, are by experience, too well acquainted to need my deſcribing it. Mrs. Dibart was here amuſed, and I hoped would forget her jealouſy and ſuſpend her power of tormenting: but as this was a precarious chance, and all my quiet depended on it, I ſuffered unremitted anxiety. Captain Dibart ſaw into the ſtate of my mind, and could not be ignorant of the cauſe of my uneaſineſs: he therefore, in the ingenuity of his friendſhip, found a reſource for me. Mr. Holmes was chaplain to that regiment, to which we were attached. He had left Canada, where he had a wife and family, to recover his health in England: he now returned to them, and we ſoon became intimately acquainted. Mrs. Holmes was a plain, ſenſible, and aimable woman; they lived

in a retired manner at the diſtance of about a mile from us, and in a few weeks captain Dibart contrived, under pretence of the ſuperior advantages I ſhould derive from Mr. Holmes's willingneſs and ability to inform me, to place me with them. Their eldeſt daughter, a lively girl of nineteen, who wiſhed for a gayer life than her father's houſe afforded, took my place with Mrs. Dibart, who was unwillingly obliged to ſubmit to the exchange. Miſs Holmes was delighted; I was perfectly ſatisfied. I partook, as often as I wiſhed, of my uncomfortable friend's amuſements, and in the home her huſband had deviſed for me, I had every thing that could render ſociety pleaſant. Here it was, my dear madam, that I built on the foundation lady Cadwicke and my other good friends had laid in my mind. If it ever was my happy lot to entertain you for an hour, it is to the ſpontaneous exertions of the perſons I have mentioned

tioned that I am indebted for the privilege.

The ſpring arrived; our tranquillity ended, and the troops began to be in motion. Mr. Holmes was to leave his family, and gladly would I have remained with them, not ſo much, I flatter myſelf, for the ſake of avoiding the difficulties and dangers of a campaign, as under a conviction that I ſhould ultimately beſt promote Mrs Dibart's peace by my abſence. She, however, ſtrange miſguided woman! would not ſuffer me to mention a ſeparation. Captain Dibart endeavoured to prevail on her to remain at Quebec, I being with her. She was furious when he named it: he wanted, ſhe was ſure, to be rid of her; but ſhe would as long as ſhe lived, ſhew her attachment to him, notwithſtanding the cruel indifference with which he returned the ſincereſt paſſion that ever warmed the human breaſt: ſhe would attend him to the

the field of battle — ſhe would dreſs his wounds — ſhe would receive his laſt breath — ſhe would die on his boſom. — In ſhort, to evince her own conjugal affection, ſhe dreſſed up ſuch a ſcaring prophecy of all the poor man was to expect in the campaign, as, if he had had leſs courage or a leſs plaguing wife, might have abated his ardour.

Her going was now reſolved on; but my dread of all I ſhould ſuffer, and perhaps make my worthy protector ſuffer, increaſed to ſuch a height, that diſregarding all other conſiderations, I begged him to make it a condition of her following him, that I ſhould remain with Mrs. Holmes. — When I had urged this ungrateful requeſt, he, for ſome moments, made me no reply; but graſping my hand, and looking ſtedfaſtly at me, I ſaw all his features agitated into diſtortion. I was going to withdraw a petition that I ſaw could not be

be granted voluntarily: — he ſtopped me. — Can you, my beſt friend, ſaid he, think of quitting, in ſuch a ſituation, one who would ſtill look on his life as a poor ſacrifice to procure your happineſs? Can you commit me, in the perils that await me, to the weariſome aſſiduities, and ſatiating company of a woman who has neither judgement to guide her, nor ſteadineſs to follow the guidance of others? Let it not afflict you when I tell you I have no expectation nor the ſmalleſt intention of outliving the campaign: — my country ſhall have my moſt ſtrenuous exertions; but if I happen to be wounded ſo as to be diſabled, or if I am taken priſoner, I have then a right to prefer death to the horrors of a cure or the diſgrace of accepting quarter. — What then would become of helpleſs Charlotte? — In pity to her, in pity to me, do not, Oh, do not, lady Linfield, deſert us.

The

The moſt prudent, the moſt reluctant, the moſt obdurate creature on earth could not have remained obſtinate after a requeſt ſo enforced. I gave him my hand, and ſolemnly vowed I would never leave him or Mrs. Dibart, till he or ſhe compelled me.—He was ſatisfied; and I turned all my thoughts to the ſcene I was entering on.

Proper diſpoſitions were made for our following the army, which was to proceed ſouthward the ſecond week in May. Would you believe it, my dear madam, that four days before that named for marching, Mrs. Dibart changed her mind?—ſhe thought ladies muſt be a greater incumbrance than help in a camp:—ſhe did not love that officiouſneſs which, perhaps, might ruin her health and ſpoil her huſband's comfort when he returned to England:—ſhe would wait at Quebec till he ordered her

her to remove to ſome place of ſafety nearer him; and I was to ſtay with her.

This effect of her fickleneſs certainly removed a grievous burden from my mind; but unfortunately for me my ſentiments had undergone a ſimilar, though, I truſt, a more reaſonable change. Captain Dibart had convinced me my going would be pleaſant to him: I pictured him to my imagination wounded and dying without a friend to aſſiſt him, and without an effort on his part to recover. I was racked with my fears. I ſaw he drooped when he heard he was to go unaccompanied; and I was not free enough from vanity to be ignorant that he did not think his releaſe from *conjugal uneaſineſs* a compenſation for his foregoing, what his attachment to me made him regard as a ſource of comfort.

On the twelfth of the month he ſet out with the army for Montreal. My pen

pen can give you no idea of what I ſuffered at taking leave of him: no torture of the body ever equalled that of my mind. Diſguiſe too was neceſſary; and had not Mrs. Dibart been fully occupied with her own ſorrow, I could not have eſcaped the fury of her jealouſy. At the moment of adieu ſhe repented of her paſſive timidity: ſhe would then go with the captain: for half an hour I could not gueſs whether we were to vegetate ſhamefully at Quebec after croſsing the Atlantic for the ſake of attending captain Dibart, or to march with the army. He was not pleaſed with her verſatility, and inſiſted on her adhering to her reſolution of abiding where ſhe was. He was now again *a cruel man.* —I ſhudder when I recollect that her laſt words on ſo awful an occaſion were reproaches of a man worthy the higheſt commendations. It can only be ſaid in extenuation of her injuſtice, that ſhe was wholly

wholly incapable of forming any idea of his merit.

Three long days we paſſed in the gloomieſt manner imaginable. Quebec and its environs ſeemed a deſert: its former gaiety offered a compariſon inſupportable to Mrs Dibart; and my regret and fears at once benumbed and tortured me. Mrs. Holmes and her family ſtrove to chear us, but they themſelves ſtood in need of comfort. They too were left in a widowed ſtate; and though Mr. Holmes's ſituation was leſs hazardous than captain Dibart's, his health was ill ſuited to the hardſhips he muſt go through; and his loſs was felt in its due force by thoſe he quitted.

I truſt, my dear lady Catherine, you are by this time too well acquainted with the character of Mrs. Dibart to be much aſtoniſhed when I tell you, that at the expiration of one week, ſhe had formed a new

new reſolution of following the army. I was reading to her one Sunday noon: —ſhe, I fancied, did for once attend to me, when ſuddenly ſtarting up from her ſeat, ſhe cried out — I will go — by Heaven I'll go — it ſhall never be ſaid I deſerted my huſband. My deareſt Dibart ſhall not want the comfort of my aſſiſtance. — Uttering theſe frantic words, ſhe burſt into tears, went into hyſterics, and when ſhe recovered, made me promiſe to facilitate her departure and accompany her. I knew not whether to be glad or ſorry: I doubted whether ſhe was in her ſenſes; but I was ſoon convinced by her immoveable obſtinacy that ſhe had as much as ever the uſe of her reaſon.

Inſtant preparations were made for our journey, which was now a buſineſs of increaſed difficulty, as the means of conveyance for ourſelves and baggage were to be contrived. The latter was to go down

down the river; but we muſt ſubmit to a tedious progreſs by land, through roads rendered almoſt impaſſable by heavy rains.

When I adverted to the mental languor and bodily inertneſs of my companion, the idea of ſuch a journey made me very apprehenſive for her. We muſt go on horſeback, a mode of travelling ſhe had never practiſed. We muſt go unaccompanied, except by a ſervant and a ſtrange guide whom we were to find out and hire: our proviſions muſt be carried with us, and ſo muſt our nightly lodging; for nothing better than a tent was to be hoped for. All thoſe difficulties ſtared us in the face: a thouſandth part of them would at another time have deterred my inconſiſtent friend; but her ſpirit roſe with the obſtacles; ſhe ſeemed quite a new creature, and in the courſe of ten days, travelling under every diſadvantage, even

even that of being deſerted by our ſervant, and committed entirely to the care of our guide, ſhe convinced me ſhe was, when rouſed, equal to any fatigue. Her impetuoſity would not allow even of reaſonable delay; and ſuch was her perſeverance, that I more than once expected to have been left dead on the road. Providence however thought fit to preſerve me: by the help of our honeſt guide and a good map, we followed the courſe of the army and reached Montreal, whence we learnt thoſe we ſought had departed about the time of our ſetting out from Quebec.

This was ſeverely mortifying; but no more than I had foreſeen. We had now another journey to begin through a country infinitely worſe than that we had paſſed. I will not agoniſe your feelings by relating the various diſtreſſes we endured by bad weather, tired horſes, fatigues and terrors of every kind in travelling

velling through the Indian ſettlements. At length, on the twentieth of June, we came up with the troops aſſembled at Cumberland point on lake Champlain. Much curioſity was excited by our Quixote-like appearance in ſuch a place, and enough were to be found to carry the tidings of our arrival to captain Dibart.

I really was aſhamed to meet him. The difficulties and dangers we had paſſed to get at him, I conſidered rather as proofs of our madneſs than as claims to his regard; but his kindneſs ſoon diſpelled my fears. He magnified the ſmall merit I could pretend to in performing my promiſe of not deſerting Mrs. Dibart; and he received her with apparent ſatisfaction: but unfortunately for her peace, poor woman! her ſagacity ſeemed more acute than ever; nor was her jealouſy at all leſs in the land of the Iriquois and Abenekies, than it had been in

England and on the Atlantic. The firſt opportunity ſhe had of ſpeaking to me alone, ſhe improved to tell me that ſhe could diſcover the captain was much more gratified by ſeeing me than her: but it is not wonderful, added ſhe: a wife is an old ſtupid ſtory; her friend often furniſhes a new novel. — Perhaps had the hint been milder, I ſhould have fired at it; but its malignity was overcharged, and I ſincerely pitied her who had uttered it.

The army continued for ſome days in the place where we had joined them, a negociation being pending between the Britiſh forces and the native tribes of the circumjacent country. As this was not a ſituation productive of the comforts females require, captain Dibart ſent us forforward to Skeneſborough, where we waited in trembling impatience for his rejoining us. We had heard of the general's intention to diſlodge thoſe who occu-

occupied Ticonderoga and the works adjacent to it, and we feared our regiment was deſtined for this ſervice. Our terrors ran very high: but they were removed early in the following month by the captain's ſafe arrival.

The utmoſt gratitude, I am convinced, is due to the general who commanded in this unfortunate expedition, from all the ladies who attended the army. Occupied as he was by a variety of important cares, thoſe who could only contribute to increaſe them, ſhared his polite attention; and he never meditated a remove or an attack without providing for our ſafety. Foreſeeing that ſomething deciſive was to be expected, he offered us to exert his utmoſt endeavours for ſtationing us in ſecurity at ſome place beyond the army, where, when the danger was leſs, they might find us. Great as was the diſtance, he would have forwarded us to Albany immediately; but the hazard

was conſiderable, and the deſign was of neceſſity given up.

We accordingly followed the troops, and in a violent rain ſet off for Fort Anne; in our road to which, a ſmart action came on within our hearing. Captain Dibart was ſlightly wounded, but not ſo as to impede his march: we therefore proceeded, difficulties and terrors daily and hourly increaſing, and by the middle of September had paſſed Hudſon's river, and were encamped near Saratoga.

Here, after a journey too toilſome to bear even reflection, we hoped, bad as was our ſituation, to enjoy ſomething like peace; but the horizon of our proſpect was all around gloomy. It was known we were in the neighbourhood of a very conſiderable hoſtile force; and captain Dibart's temper of mind led me to dread he

he would be culpably careleſs of his life in action.

On the eighteenth of September the enemy, ſixteen thouſand ſtrong, appeared againſt the Britiſh army, now reduced by every variety of calamity to leſs than a quarter of that number, a ſlight ſkirmiſh happened on that day: but captain Dibart was not engaged in it. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, a very ſerious attack was made by the Americans on our troops; and in this conflict the regiment we belonged to bore the greateſt ſhare. Mrs. Dibart and myſelf had been removed with the other ladies to a field at ſome diſtance; and good Mr. Holmes, who was unremitting in his charity to us, and to whom alone under Heaven we looked for ſupport, placed us againſt an incloſure where nothing could be ſeen. Yet we heard every ſhot; all of us, I may ſay, excepting Mrs. Dibart, whoſe fears rendered

her almoſt frantic, and who was alternately ſcreaming and fainting.

Sun-ſet abated the fury of the conteſt: the Americans gave ground and the Engliſh were victorious. This, joyful as was the news, was inſipid compared with the rapture I felt at ſeeing him I was moſt anxious for, return unhurt, though fatigued to a moſt dreadful degree of debility. The enſuing night, notwithſtanding the advantages of the day, was a night of extreme terror: the army lay on their arms; we crept into our tents, and learnt every moment of freſh evidences that the enemy, though beaten, were not daunted: they were fortifying themſelves on every ſide, and exceeded us as much in ſtrength of works as in number of men.

Proviſions, which for ſome time had been diſtributed with a very frugal hand, were now conſiderably abridged; and we

we were to remain in this ſtate of increaſing miſery till the twelfth of October, in hope of ſome favourable event. Diſtreſſes of every kind aſſailed us: we were nearly ſurrounded by the enemy: a retreat to Canada was impracticable; to force a paſſage to Albany was impoſſible, againſt an army ſo ſuperior to us. We ſeemed to have no alternative: we muſt be ſtill and ſtarve.

On the ſeventh, our ſituation being too deſperate any longer to be borne, and all hopes at an end, a movement was made by the troops, we uſeleſs beings remaining in our ſtation, to follow if ordered. This motion brought on an attack of the Britiſh, who were overpowered, and their laſt-formed camp ſtormed: there was now no means of ſaving any part of their force but by returning towards Saratoga, which they did not reach till the night of the ninth, in a very heavy rain.

The preſence of captain Dibart had nearly loſt its ſoothing power over our minds; for the dangers of his ſituation multiplied ſo faſt, that to have eſcaped one or one hundred of them was little conſolation. Nothing now was thought on but a farther retreat, and it ſeemed too late even to think of that.

This dreadful ſtate of anxious horror was to us more fatal than the ſevereſt of the actions, as, while the men lay on their arms, they were expoſed not only to the cannonade of the enemy, but even rifle-ſhot and grape ſhot reached the line.

Far as I have now proceeded, my dear lady Catherine, in this harrowing narrative, I would gladly deſtroy what I have written, and beg you to releaſe me from my promiſe. The calamities that preſſed on us here overwhelmed us, and even at this diſtance of time to think of them is agony.

I have

I have imperfectly deſcribed our local ſituation; but it is beyond my power to give you any idea of the ſtate of my mind and ſpirits; that you muſt collect from the recapitulation of theſe ſurrounding woes, and from your knowledge of me.

On the twelfth of October about noon, all my apprehenſions were realiſed; captain Dibart was brought to us dreadfully wounded, his right arm ſhattered to pieces. Mrs. Dibart fainted away at ſight of him: the agonies of my heart admitted not even of this relief. Unable through loſs of blood to ſtand, a kind of litter had been made for him, compoſed of boughs covered with a blanket, in which he was borne on the ſhoulders of ſix of his men: thus ſtretched out, he was in danger of ſuffocation when he reached us, and not a ſurgeon was at hand. A houſe at about a quarter of a mile diſtance had been converted into an hoſpital: thither he

was carried; I followed ſupporting Mrs. Dibart. We reached this ſcene of miſery in ſafety, though the cannon-ſhot whizzed around us.

The houſe was on the edge of the river: the triumphant Americans lay on the other ſide oppoſite to it, and their ſhells fell on all ſides of it. We were conducted to an upper chamber: the captain's wounds were dreſſed, and I began to recollect myſelf a little, when a ſhell paſſing clear through the room, we were warned of our extreme danger, and removed to a wretched apartment under ground. In fact, it was the cellaring to the houſe: floor there was none but that which Nature furniſhed; but here our bleeding charge and we muſt remain with others in the ſame diſtreſs, or ſhortly periſh.

Mrs. Dibart could now do nothing but cry. The captain's ſervant, who was

was a common ſoldier, and I, made the ſofteſt bed we could deviſe, and laid him on it. Mrs. Dibart threw herſelf down by the ſide of it, and continued to weep inceſſantly; and ſo vociferous was her grief, that even had the pain of his wounds allowed her huſband to reſt, it would have been impoſſible for him to have ſlept. No intreaties, no repreſentations of the diſturbance ſhe occaſioned to all around her, could abate her vehement ſorrow, a circumſtance which convinced me that her paſſions all acted in a circle from which they never diverged. Self-love all ſhe did ſprang from, and into ſelf-love it reſolved itſelf.

At length the convention was ſigned; the noiſe of war no longer annoyed us, and we remained ſurrounded by the dying; for the room was now full, and none were there but ſuch as could not bear a removal. Captain Dibart's recovery had been judged to depend on an

amputation; but the fever that enſued immediately on his being wounded, made it neceſſary rather to attend to his perſonal health than his wound. The ſurgeons were aſtoniſhed at this high degree of fever, which ſeemed increaſed by every effort to ſubdue it. I well knew to what cauſe it was attributable: it proceeded, I was fully convinced, from the perturbed ſtate of his mind, and was no regular phyſical conſequence. I was certain likewiſe that it was immovable, and ſo it proved; for on the ninth day after the accident, the medical gentlemen declared him paſt all hope, and to attempt an amputation would be poſitive murder.

In this extremity I was forced to be guilty of fraud, to obtain even a quiet death for my honoured friend: I ſaw the company of his wife was far from a conſolation to him: he ſhewed ſigns of uneaſineſs when ſhe came within his ſight: and

and ſhe was an impediment to whatever inadequate aſſiſtance I could have afforded. Was any thing to be done about him, ſhe herſelf would do it, if I pointed out the method; but however good her will, ſhe, from natural helpleſsneſs, could do nothing ſpontaneouſly. This retarded every alleviation of the ſufferer's pains, as ſhe was firſt to learn and then to act: add to this her clamorous lamentation, which at once diſabled her and diſturbed him. I therefore, when I was informed of his deſperate ſituation, begged the ſurgeons to repreſent to her the neceſſity of his being left in quiet, and not tortured in his laſt moments by the ſight of one *ſo dear* to him. I might more truly have urged, *that had coſt* him ſo dear.

Theſe remonſtrances had no effect; but the gentleman I employed to perſuade her, ſeeing through her character, aſſured her on his medical experience, that

unleſs ſhe quitted this damp abode ſhe could not live a week: ſhe then conſented to what was propoſed, her removing to an upper room. Fear for herſelf in this inſtance got the better of her jealouſy, and again ſelf-love was predominant.

The quiet of three hours after ſhe left us, though it produced no flattering effect on her huſband's health, had a very good one on his mind; he became calm and got a little ſleep. In the courſe of the following day, the place was cleared of thoſe who were recovering and thoſe who had experienced their laſt worldly ſufferings; and I was left with only my friend and his faithful ſervant, who I have ſaid was a private in his regiment. I now began to conceive hopes experience afterwards taught me were ill-founded; his fever never left him: I wiſhed, and yet I dreaded it was not too late for an imputation to ſave him. To-

wards

wards evening, he grew, as I fancied, ſtronger: he was perfectly rational, ſmiled at me with his uſual kindneſs whenever I came near him, and was very deſirous of talking to me: every thing he ſaid indicated his ſenſe of his ſituation, and of his approaching diſſolution, and his behaviour in this trying ſcene was in every point that of a truly Chriſtian hero. I argued with myſelf that ſuch ſtrength of mind implied increaſing ſtrength of body: this was the judgement of ignorance and inexperience; I argued moſt falſely; for at midnight, while I was aſſiſting to change his poſture, and ſupporting him in my arms, he in a deep groan expired.

I had ſerved this amiable man to the utmoſt; and Providence had proportioned its aids to his and my neceſſities; but he who animated me was now gone, and I could ſupport the weight of my ſorrows no longer; nor do I know what

paſſed till I found myſelf removed to a farther corner of the room, and the ſurgeon who had attended captain Dibart kneeling by me, and by the light of a candle the ſoldier held, watching for ſome ſymptoms of returning life.

Some hours elapſed before I was able to raiſe myſelf from the ſupine poſture in which I had been laid. In the mean time the weeping ſoldier had covered the corſpe, and performed every pious office for it that our miſerable ſituation admitted of. When my recollection enabled me to judge what was fit to be done, I thought it not right to diſturb Mrs. Dibart's reſt by carrying her the melancholy news; but about her uſual hour of riſing I crawled up ſtairs, fearful ſhe might come to make enquiries. I found her faſt aſleep: I ſtood ſome time heſitating whether I ſhould wake her; but ſhe ſeemed in the enjoyment of ſuch perfect happineſs that I could not bring myſelf

to

to rouſe her to miſery. In thus conſulting her temporary eaſe, I erred. I was obliged to leave her, becauſe our ſoldier only waited my return to go on an indiſpenſable errand to the general, who had promiſed, if informed immediately of captain Dibart's deceaſe, to endeavour at procuring decent interment for him. It was not proper that the corps ſhould be left alone in ſuch a place: I therefore haſtened down again, and to my great concern was preſently followed by Mrs. Dibart. It was impoſſible to prevent her eyes from being her firſt informers. She was frantic with grief at her loſs, and with rage at not having been called before the captain breathed his laſt.

In ſuch a ſcene of horrors my excuſe was the laſt thing I thought about. I felt pleaſed that her paſſions, by blinding her, allowed me unreſtrained and unreproached to indulge the trueſt ſorrow friend-

friendſhip can feel; but ſoon ſhe taught me, that as nothing can eradicate, ſo nothing can effectually conceal the natural temper. By implication ſhe reproached even the memory of him for whom ſhe was mourning. — *She* was a perſon of no conſequence. — *She* was driven away from her dying huſband; and *a ſtranger* was every thing to him: — if he had but loved her as ſhe loved him, he never would have riſqued his life in America, which ſhe moſt cordially conſigned to every woe an accurſed land has been doomed to by the poets.

Had I named *Count Iſmenini*, I think I could have ſet the good lady right as to the cauſe of her unfortunate huſband's riſquing his life in the weſtern world. She had however nothing to fear from me; for I was fully diſpoſed to take the ſin of his death on myſelf. Had I not refuſed him, thought I, he might now have been alive and happy. Theſe reflections

flections obtruding, as they were, it was not fit to indulge here: it was neceſſary to think, in caſe we could obtain only a bare permiſſion for interment, how we might in the moſt decent manner depoſit the remains of captain Dibart in the earth.

The fragments of our regiment had been ſent to Cambridge, from which place we were diſtant about ſeventeen miles: thither our ſoldier was gone, and in his abſence Mrs. Dibart and I remained alone with the body: figure to yourſelf, my dear madam, what was our ſituation: the cellar had been overflowed by the autumn rains, and we having been three times, during the expedition, ſtripped of our bagage, were forced to remain in wet clothes. Yet all this I thought preferable to quitting my valued friend while he remained above ground; and his wife could not, for ſhame,

ſhame, yield the palm of heroiſm to one ſhe had called a ſtranger.

With great difficulty, and only through powerful interceſſion, we obtained leave for Mr. Holmes to quit Cambridge, and perform the laſt duties for a man he loved and honoured no leſs than myſelf. We bedewed his unhallowed grave with tears, and then departed with Mr. Holmes for Cambridge, from whence, in three days, we were removed to New York, in order to take our paſſage for England. It was with the ſincereſt regret I parted from this good man, and gladly would I have accepted his propoſition of returning to his family, whom he had hopes of ſhortly joining. I had nothing to attract me to England, but my inability to live independently. Mrs. Dibart clung cloſer than ever to me: ſhe could not with propriety or convenience remain in America, nor did I wiſh it.

it. I therefore reſolved to adhere to her.

At New York ſhe found conſolation in the ſociety of many of her Quebec acquaintance; and well as I thought I knew her, I was aſtoniſhed to perceive that in ſix weeks the image of her huſband ſeemed nearly effaced from her mind. I ought to have to have recollected, that the ſofteſt wax, as it moſt eaſily admits, ſo it moſt readily parts with every impreſſion; and that it is not childiſh fondneſs, but calm ſteady friendſhip, that produces ſober grief. We weep for the death of a beloved infant; but what is our ſorrow on ſuch an occaſion compared with what we feel when we loſe the ſocial companion, the preceptive friend, and the tender comforter?

We were buſied in making the neceſſary preparations for re-viſiting Europe: great attention was paid us; every thing was

was facilitated for us, and in January we had an opportunity of a paſſage home in a veſſel bound for the weſtern coaſt of England. Nothing intervening to diſappoint us, we took leave of our many kind friends, and ſailed.

The conveniences and accommodations of our former voyage were not now to be looked for. The ſhip we embarked in was a trader, and ſailed very heavily. Nor had we the agreeable ſociety that had enlivened the paſſage from England. In ten thouſand ways, I felt the loſs of captain Dibart, and I feared his widow would be awakened to a renewed ſenſe of her misfortunes, as ſoon as ſhe was aware of her ſolitary ſtate. Again I was miſtaken: ſhe certainly congratulated herſelf on her liberation from the tortures of jealouſy, and her whole cares centered in herſelf.

On board the veſſel was a Canadian gentle-

gentleman, the only paſſenger beſides ourſelves. He was a ſtranger to us, but ſoon manifeſted great aſſiduity about us, particularly towards Mrs. Dibart, to whom he was much more acceptable than to me. His name was La Colle: his father was a native of France, his mother of England: ſhe was recently dead; and he was coming to London to obtain poſſeſſion of very conſiderable property due to him as her repreſentative. A mongrel by birth, he was equally a mongrel in manners; and though he never had ſeen the native country of either of his parents, he appeared in my prejudiced eyes to have concentrated in his own character the foibles of both nations. His perſon was Engliſh; ſhewy and ſtriking, but heavy: his treatment of it was truly French. No birth-night beauty could laviſh greater pains in decoration, than did this Ganymede La Colle, even under the diſadvantages of his temporary abode; though I ſuppoſe he had ſeen his

his twenty-fifth year and therefore muſt be reckoned at an age of diſcretion. In his behaviour he was a diſguſting *melange* of brutiſhneſs to inferiors and fawning obſequiouſneſs to thoſe who were not ſo; and as if he thought imitation merit, he was in his conduct to us females truly effeminate.

Such a companion in ſuch cloſe quarters as on ſhip board, was to me intolerable; nor had he one quality that I could perceive to atone for ſo much that was diſagreeable. Perhaps I drew an unfavourable compariſon between the preſent and the paſt. It was almoſt impoſſible to be teazed with La Colle's impertinent, obtruding officiouſneſs, without recollecting that captain Dibart had the agreeable art of rendering every ſervice becoming him without betraying the leaſt aſſiduity. His deſire to make every one happy, and his conſtant attention

tion to the eaſe of others, had kept me ignorant of many *naval inconveniences.*

Yet notwithſtanding all I have objected to Monſieur La Colle, I muſt allow his claim to the praiſe of thorough good-nature, a virtue which I was unjuſt enough to fancy rendered him ſtill more diſagreeable, as ſurlineſs would have kept him aloof. Mrs. Dibart judged with more candour of him: the court he paid her ſeemed to amuſe her, and in a ſhort time to gain on her ſo rapidly, that at the end of five weeks, when, thanks to our ſlow pace, it was computed that according to the rate of our ſailing we had half our watry way to plough, Monſieur La Colle declared himſelf the ardent and accepted lover of Captain Dibart's recent widow.

When matters had proceeded thus far, Mrs. Dibart condeſcended to aſk my advice, and would fain have perſuaded me, that

that ſhe not only was indifferent but averſe to La Colle's overtures, and that it was nothing but the fear of perſecution that made her heſitate about refuſing him. But I knew her by this time too thoroughly to give implicit credit to all ſhe ſaid: her conduct before this criſis was ſuch as muſt tend to bring it on; and I was convinced, had the veſſel carried a chaplain, it would have landed, not *Mrs. Dibart*, but *Madame La Colle*.

I confeſs I was puzzled when ſhe aſked my advice; for though it was eaſy to ſuggeſt what was fit to be done, it was not equally clear that my client would do it, or be pleaſed with me for pointing it out. The more probable chance was that ſhe would fire at my repreſentations, act in direct contradiction to them; and in one of her ſilly fits betray me to her lover. Guarding againſt theſe conſequences, I could only refer her to her own

own *prudence*: — a poor dependence I confeſs.

This reference ſhe ſeemed to conſider as a permiſſion; and in a few days (I bluſh while I write it) this weak woman, and, in my idea, contemptible man, had exchanged ſolemn promiſes, which were to be ratified on their landing in England. Bad weather now drove us conſiderably out of our courſe; we were all diſpirited with the tedioufneſs of our paſſage, and the lovers could not diſguiſe their ſuperior impatience; yet great and viſible as it was, I ſoon perceived a marvellous alteration in Mrs. Dibart's ſentiments.

Whether ſhe had found leiſure to think, and had thought rightly of her pliancy, or whether it was her natural fickleneſs that ſwayed her, it would be preſumption in me to determine; but ſhe began to hint, though certainly with-

out foundation, that Monſieur La Colle's paſſion was on the decline ſince *her generous conduct* towards him. She next, notwithſtanding the averſion I conſtantly manifeſted, affected to be jealous of me; and when her ſuſpicions becoming too plain, I reaſoned calmly with her on the abſurdity of her fears, ſhe replied in the true ſpirit of an ingenious ſelf-tormentor, that it was on the diſlike I had ſhewn to Monſieur La Colle that ſhe founded her conjectures; for ſhe was perſuaded I ſhould never have taken ſo much pains to convince her of it, had it not been to conceal my real ſentiments.

At the moment of her uttering this foundationleſs opinion, I felt my own inferiority to Mrs. Dibart. I ſtood aſtoniſhed at the tranſcendency of her talents, as a ſavage would have done could he have comprehended the powers of Newton. Weapons againſt ſuch an enemy were uſeleſs; contempt was the armour

armour I had recourſe to; and I left her without uttering a ſyllable more in my defence.

She aſſumed now a more open behaviour, acting as if my diſdaining to reply had convinced her of the truth of what ſhe had ſaid. Eaten up with chagrin, and ſcarcely knowing on what to vent her ill-humour, when La Colle was entertaining her with the ardency of his paſſion, and with genuine Gallic hyperbole calling for the annihilation of time and ſpace, ſhe ſcarcely liſtened to him, but replied by hints of the folly he had drawn her into. At length, heartily ſick of *toujours La Colle*, ſhe endeavoured to get rid of him, by turning him over to me—a bequeſt I was not likely to be very grateful for. She firſt, by her languid peeviſhneſs, tried to diſguſt him, and then, at a proper ſeaſon, and when I was out of the way, ſhe boldly aſſured him, that her repentance of her precipi-

tation arose entirely from her having discovered that her dear Miss Hamilton was violently in love with him.

Of this I was ignorant till one morning, before I quitted my cabin, and when I had just finished dressing, Monsier La Colle, without permission or apology, attempted to enter. It was in my power to keep him out; and I did not, you will believe, abandon this privilege. He begged earnestly to be admitted: I refused; but offered to hear the important business, he said he had to communicate, in the great cabin. There I expected to find Mrs. Dibart; but La Colle was there alone when I went thither. He was on his knees in an instant, and with the confidence of his father's country declared himself deeply enamoured of me. You will not suspect me of hesitating what part I should act; but to silence him was no easy task. When I put him in mind of his engagement to

Mrs.

Mrs. Dibart, he replied that Cupid and Hymen were different deities, and might be ſeparately worſhipped by the ſame votaries. I was provoked at the inſult offered me, and the anger I expreſſed drew from him a confeſſion of the encouragement he had received from my kind friend's falſe information. Yet ſo unwilling was La Colle's vanity to believe any woman could be indifferent to his perſon, that it was not till I proteſted that did he not ceaſe to perſecute me I would put myſelf under the protection of the captain of the veſſel, that he deſiſted from his profeſſions of love.

In the afternoon of the ſame day, as I was ruminating on the increaſing uneaſineſs of my ſituation, and heartily wiſhing I had been born to the loweſt independence, land was cried. This gave a fillip to our ſpirits, and very opportunely occupied our thoughts: the light was ſtill ſtrong enough for us to diſcern it

diſtinctly with good glaſſes, and we all went on deck to regale our eyes with the welcome ſight. The next morning added to our joy by convincing us it was the Engliſh coaſt that we were making.

On this occaſion Mrs. Dibart ſeemed in a mixed ſtate of delight and regret: glad ſhe certainly and reaſonably was to be releaſed from the ſhip and the ſea; but the claims La Colle had on her, and which ſhe would now have given any thing to be freed from, made her landing no pleaſant proſpect to her. Driven almoſt to the laſt extremity, and teazed by La Colle's impatience and exultations, ſhe now ſeriouſly conſulted with me on the means of retracting her promiſe. With her uſual candour, ſhe firſt accuſed me as the author of her diſtreſs, by having referred her to her own deciſion; and then, truly inconſiſtent, with the utmoſt penitence for every ſpecies of the complicated ſufferings ſhe had drawn me into,

into, ſhe conjured me, if not out of regard to her, at leaſt out of reſpect to the memory of her deceaſed huſband, to ſave her from the effect of her own unpardonable folly.

I was moved by her ingenuous humility: but how was I to act? If I went to La Colle, and tried what perſuaſion would do, what ſort of conſtruction muſt be put on ſuch an interference? I was at the greateſt loſs to contrive a means for ſerving her, when an accident befel us that not only releaſed us from this diſtreſs, but gave an entire new turn to the events of my deſultory life.

At noon of this day, when we were eagerly expecting to be landed, a ſail was deſcried from the maſt head. As the time loſt in deciding whether ſhe was friend or foe, might prove fatal to our hopes and wiſhes, the captain was intreated to do every thing poſſible to

accelerate our getting on ſhore. He, a rough weather-beaten ſailor, would make no exertion: his ſhip, he ſaid, had ſeven times croſſed the Atlantic, and had never been taken; from which, like a genuine predeſtinarian, he inferred it never would be. We ſailed very heavily: the veſſel in ſight was evidently in chaſe of us, and gained ſo much on us, that in the afternoon ſhe was plainly diſcovered to be an American privateer, and before duſk ſhe was along-ſide of us, and ordered us to ſtrike. Reſiſtance was madneſs: we had only two ſmall guns, the privateer ſix of three times the force. Yet our obſtinate captain, perhaps rendered leſs tractable than uſual by his libations of grog that day, would fight: the firſt broadſide killed him.

Mrs. Dibart and myſelf were now nearly dead with terror, when the veſſel was boarded, and the American captain with ſome of his crew came to ſeek the paſ-

paſſengers in the cabin. Creatures of ſo deſperate an appearance I had never beheld even in the Indian tribes.

As they entered, Mrs. Dibart retreated behind me: La Colle was near the door. From him I was certain it was vain to look for any ſpirited exertion in our favour: he had been for ſome days very much indiſpoſed, and really at this time was in a ſtate that might have excuſed puſillanimity. Great then was my ſurpriſe, when on the captain's ſeiſing me, La Colle, whoſe ſword had been previouſly taken from him, ſtepped forward between the American and me, and with all the fire and intrepedity of my own country, ſwore that he who touched either of the ladies ſhould firſt make a paſſage through him. — We are your priſoners, ſaid he, we acknowledge ourſelves ſo; but we are not your ſlaves, nor the victims of your cruelty. What you ſhall order us to do, we will do

without attempting reſiſtance; but the firſt inſult that is offered to either of theſe females, I ſhall take on myſelf to reſent. You have deprived me of my ſword; but the firſt man that paſſes me ſhall remember the weight of my arm.

The American retreated, and his tone was conſiderably lowered. He looked ſtedfaſtly at our champion and recognizing in him the ſon of an old friend, he ſhook hands heartily with him, promiſed we ſhould remain unmoleſted, and introduced a brother of his who was his mate, and a much more decent creature than himſelf. No other of the crew was now ſuffered to ſtay in the cabin; and from this moment we were treated with humanity and reſpect.

In a few hours an arrangement was made for diſpoſing of the prize: a ſufficient number of the privateer's men were put on board our veſſel to ſecure it, and

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an equal number of our people taken from it. The broadſide we had ſo madly ſtood, had rendered the former totally unable to bear a long voyage: ſhe was therefore deſtined for France, and we as paſſengers were to be ſent in her. This, though not very pleaſant was the beſt we could expect or hope for, and we were cheared under the idea of impriſonment, by the captain and mate, who both aſſured us we might, without much difficulty, by applying to perſons they would name, obtain our liberty and get to England.

But Mrs. Dibart, on whom nothing great or generous wrought, finding ſhe had a chance of eſcaping from La Colle, to whom ſhe did not feel the leaſt obligation, choſe rather to undergo all the miſeries and hazards of again croſſing the Atlantic and to relinquiſh all the bright proſpect before us, than to remain in the ſame ſhip with her lover:

ſhe therefore deſired to go back to Boſton in New England, whither the privateer was ſteering her courſe from the northern ſeas.

It required ſome dexterity to bring this about; but what can we not effect when we are determined? ſhe made up ſuch a ſtory as prevailed on the captain to indulge her in this whimſical wiſh, to keep her intention perfectly ſecret till the moment of leaving the ſhip, and to prevent La Colle's following her.

Of this ſcheme I was as ignorant as he againſt whom it was planned, till the boat was ready to remove her, and ſhe was ſummoned to it. She then avowed her reſolution, and put it to me to chuſe whether I would go with her or *ſtay with La Colle*, for that was the alternative ſhe ſtated. In vain I repreſented the folly and madneſs of her plan: ſhe had recourſe to all her abject arts; but I really

was

was ſo exaſperated at her conduct, that had it not been for the ſolemn promiſe I had made her huſband, that I would never voluntarily abandon her, I certainly ſhould have ſuffered her to go without me. I had almoſt determined to do ſo; but the remembrance of my vow compelled me to yield and accompany her.

The man to whom we had ſuch obligations and whom we were treating ſo ungratefully, was at that moment very ill and aſleep in a hammock. Mrs. Dibart, all impatience to get away from him, haſtened into the boat, and I with an aching heart followed her. The next morning we were out of ſight of the Engliſh veſſel; and poor La Colle was left to bewail the inconſtancy and ingratitude of his miſtreſs.

Our accommodations on board the privateer were ſuch as might be expected; infinitely worſe than thoſe of the merchant

chant-man we had quitted; and even there Mrs. Dibart could hardly bear the inconveniences we were forced to ſubmit to; but now, ſo true is it that things are not what they are, ſo much as what we think them, nothing offended her: ſhe thought only of gratifying her caprice, and was deaf and blind to innumerable cauſes of diſguſt. — The reſpect we had been treated with was not increaſed by our ſeparation from our protector; and had it not been for the interference of the mate I have before ſpoken of, we ſhould have had much more to complain of.

All our own people were in irons: we were not allowed to go on deck, nor indeed could we with propriety have accepted the indulgence if it had been granted: we were diſtreſſed for change of cloaths, and for proviſions which had run ſhort among the privateer's crew before they took us. Our's being nearly con-

conſumed, did not add to the ſtock in proportion to the added number of perſons: we were therefore ſetting out again on a voyage of three thouſand miles in a condition that portended every ill; and nothing could we hope for but that we might chance to be retaken by our own countrymen: a hope which ſoon vaniſhed when the captain was heard to declare on a ſail appearing in the offing, that ſooner than be taken he would blow up his veſſel.

To the hand of death alone we now looked for relief, and began very ſeriouſly to wiſh for it; it was however at a greater diſtance than we imagined: the ſail diſappeared, and the magnitude of the ſurrounding evils procured an alleviation of the moſt terrific. Proviſions failed ſo alarmingly, that the captain reſolved to make for the French coaſt in order to get a ſupply. At the name of France, Mrs. Dibart's fears of again

meeting Monſieur La Colle revived; but they were ſoon allayed by the mate's informing her we ſhould not ſteer for the port the Engliſh veſſel had been ſent to. We ſoon reached Breſt; and after remaining at anchor five days, in which time we were not ſuffered to go on ſhore, we again ſet ſail for America.

It was now about the time of the vernal equinox. We had hitherto been favoured with good weather; and neither Mrs. Dibart nor myſelf, experienced ſailors as we were, had ever ſeen any conſiderable ſtorm. Our fortune was now changed, and it blew one continued hurricane from the time of our weighing anchor in Breſt harbour. The wind drove us furiouſly before it, for four weeks; in which time we had ſuffered ſo much in maſts and rigging, that the veſſel was ſcarcely manageable. At length after all the terrors incident to ſuch a ſituation, and juſt as our proviſions

ſions, which had been dealt out very ſparingly through the whole voyage, were drawing to an end, we were within ſight of the American ſhores.

The eaſterly wind which had ſo terrified and expedited us, now abandoned us, and was ſucceeded by a moſt dreadful ſtorm from the ſouth, in which we every moment expected the ſhip to go to pieces. It was impracticable to hold on our courſe for Boſton, or indeed to ſteer toward any point; for we were entirely under the power of a wind that nothing could withſtand. In a dark night and a raging tempeſt, we were driven through the narrow ſtrait that bounds the gulf of St. Laurence at the ſouthern extremity; and till we had paſſed this gulf and the ſtraits of Belleiſle, we were at the mercy of the jarring elements.

The weather then mended, and to our infinite joy we were ſoon in ſafe anchor-

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age in a bay in about fifty-five degrees of north latitude. We were allowed to go on ſhore to refreſh ourſelves for two hours, immediately on our arrival; and though we had yet ſeen neither a human being nor any ſign of a habitation, we felt quite at home in the country of the Eſkimaux.

Our proviſions being dreadfully ſhort, and no other addition than that of water and a temporary ſubſiſtence on fiſh to be procured here, all poſſible diligence was to be uſed in repairing the principal damage we had ſuſtained; our ſtay was not to exceed three days, and we were to make the beſt of our way back through the gulf to Boſton.

That I might not interrupt the narrative of our progreſs, I have ſaid little of Mrs. Dibart's behaviour in our diſtreſs. It was ſuch as added to every miſery, that dreadful load which helpleſs diſ-

diſcontented people ever were and will be found. When her joy at eſcaping from La Colle had pretty well evaporated, ſhe ſaw, not only in their real proportion, but in diſtorted magnitude, all the evils ſhe had brought on herſelf; nor can it be thought any infringement of the laws of candour, or any impeachment of her diſcriminating faculties, if I ſay on my own obſervation, I am poſitive ſhe repented heartily of her quitting the ſhip we were captured in.

This peeviſh, idle, diſcontent occaſioned a ferment in her mind, and in the effervеſcence a ſpecies or rather a ſemblance of pining love was thrown up from ſome obſcure corner of her heart. She was unhappy, and undoubtedly ſhe had ſufficient cauſe to be ſo: her partiality for herſelf would not allow her to ſuppoſe that idol the cauſe of what ſhe ſuffered: ſhe could not tell to what to attribute it:—'ſhe could not ſay I did it:

it:' her huſband was too nearly worn out of her remembrance to call back even his image to anſwer for her woes. She therefore determined it muſt be Monſieur La Colle ſhe ſighed for; and ſhe had the weakneſs to entertain me, who was ſo well acquainted with her conduct, with this ſubject. She honoured him with verſes ſhe had not the means to write: ſhe ſung ditties to his praiſe: ſhe conjured the winds and waves to bring him to her: ſhe fancied him ſeated on a ſtar, and herſelf converſing with him. Small thanks did poor La Colle, who, perhaps, was languiſhing in a French priſon and curſing her perfidy, owe her for ſuch unſubſtantial proofs of her regard.

A mind in ſuch a ſtate muſt, however inert the machine it acted on, produce a reſtleſs body. Mrs. Dibart was a plague, not only to me, but to the very cabin boy. Indignant at being confined

fined, and treated, I grant, in no flattering manner, ſhe was inſolent to our maſters, and tyrannical to their ſervants. Her expectation of indulgences ſeemed to increaſe with our wants; and after a variety of provoking behaviour to every one that had the ill fortune to come acroſs her, ſhe one day in a rage at being refuſed a biſcuit, ſtruck a little black lad belonging to the captain. I dreaded the conſequences of reſentment ſo ill timed, ſo ill founded, and ſo unjuſtifiable. I expected to ſee the captain enter our cabin furious with anger; but the crafty American ſhewed no diſpoſition to revenge, and the affair ſeemed forgotten. It was not till we were at anchor in the place I have deſcribed, that it was recalled to our remembrance.

The ſecond day after our arrival, procured us the ſame privilege as the foregoing day: we landed, and meant to

ſpend our time in walking a little way up the country, for which we had the captain's permiſſion. He knew our ſtrength would not carry us far or into danger, and therefore expreſſed no anxiety about our return. We were ſoon weary, and ſat down on the ſand in a very inviting ſpot, and within ſight of the veſſel, expecting the whiſtle that was to recal us.

Inſtead of this ſignal the captain himſelf came to us, and in a ſofter tone than was uſual with him, deſired to ſpeak to me apart from my friend. I heſitated: he condeſcended to reaſon with my fears; and having no alternative but voluntary ſubmiſſion or compulſion, I preferred the former. Mrs. Dibart began to roar like a child after its nurſe, as ſoon as I turned my back: the captain muttered ſome ſuch expreſſions as nothing but her conduct could excuſe; he led me rather roughly from her, and then

then with the aſſervations of a ſailor and the obſtinacy of a man whom intreaty would but exaſperate, he declared it to be his firm reſolution never to admit Mrs. Dibart on board his veſſel again, notwithſtanding he had reaſon to expect conſiderable advantages if ſhe fulfilled the golden promiſes ſhe had made him on condition of good treatment and liberation at Boſton. He ſaid his proviſions would ſcarcely keep his crew alive till he got thither, that he could expect no augmentation of them, and would not ſuffer them to be diminiſhed by one who had been ſuch a torment to him. — I aſked him what he meant to do with her. — Leave her here, he replied, and if you oppoſe it you ſhall ſtay with her. — I fainted away with horror, and in this ſituation the ſavage left me.

Mrs. Dibart ſeeing him return without me, had crawled to me and to her endeavours I probably owe my prolonged exiſ-

exiſtence. As I was ſtaggering towards the beach, on which the crew were aſſembled, and in deep debate; and before I could clearly recollect the cauſe of my fainting, we met the mate coming towards us in great haſte, and out of breath. This young man had been often to his coſt, our ſteady friend, and had hitherto effectually kept off all but the eloquence of inſult from us. He came now to aſſure us he had prevailed on his brother to receive us again. I did not dare gratify Mrs. Dibart's curioſity by explaining the peril we had eſcaped: I ſatisfied her by ſaying our humane treatment in our paſſage to Boſton depended entirely on our patient conduct, and ſubmiſſion to inevitable evils, during the ſhort remainder of our voyage. She promiſed all I could deſire, and at noon the next day we weighed anchor, and ſet ſail with a fair wind and ſmiling weather.

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The repreſentations of the good-natured mate ſeemed to have produced a very comfortable effect on the captain's ferocity; and I muſt do Mrs. Dibart the juſtice to ſay ſhe evinced a diſpoſition ſuitable to our circumſtances. We had left the Labrador coaſt two days, and were once more entering the ſtraits of Beleiſle, when an accident, impoſſible to be foreſeen, overſet the tickliſh peace we enjoyed. The crew, whoſe impatience and ill humour were increaſed by the ſpringing up of a contrary wind, provoked at the ſhort allowance they were kept on, and which every day grew ſhorter, took it into their heads, whether reaſonably or unreaſonably it is not for me to determine, that the captain was unneceſſarily concealing part of the ſtores, and keeping them on putrid meat when better was to be had. To try the truth of this ſuſpicion, it had been reſolved among them, after their only meat-meal on the third day of our ſail-

ing, that on the following day, they would, if the beef was no better, refuſe to eat it; and that till their grievance was redreſſed, no one ſhould go aloft. The conſpirators were about half of the crew; and the plot was almoſt inſtantly diſcovered to the captain.

Of all this we were entirely ignorant. At the time when the embrio mutiny was cruſhed, our meſs had not been ſerved; and when it came, being ſuch, I own, as no one not half famiſhed could reliſh, Mrs. Dibart declared it not eatable; and intemperately vexed at the balk her appetite had met with, ſhe bid the negro-lad who brought it, and whom I have before mentioned, take it to the captain, and aſk him *if it was fit fare for ladies.* I begged her to retract her words: perhaps ſhe would have done ſo; but the boy, who well remembered the box on the ear ſhe had given him, and who evidently bore her no good will, ran with glee to carry her meſſage.

No

No anſwer was returned; we remained dinnerleſs; and in about an hour, the captain came to us. From him we heard of the unfortunately ſimilar mutinous ſpirit of his men: he however, though angry, ſeemed diſpoſed to liſten to the apologies I was very ready to make for my companion's imprudence: and when he left the cabin, he ſaid, in a manner that at once terrified and puzzled me; —You ſhall have freſher meat to morrow, ladies.

Sure, ſaid I to Mrs. Dibart, when we were alone, we are to touch at ſome place for freſh proviſions. — Be it as it may, ſhe replied, I am heartily glad I ſent away the meat, though I know your wiſdom thought me a fool for doing ſo: my firmneſs will have procured the men what they ought to have: if I never did any other good in my life, I ſhall applaud myſelf for this. — I ſuffered her to exult without contradiction: I reconſi-

dered my firſt idea: it was abſurd in itſelf; and my mind preſaged ſomething gloomy.

The next morning at day-break, after a blowing night, we were informed that the ſhip had ſtruck on a ſand, and that it would occaſion a delay of ſome hours, and perhaps prove a work of difficulty to get her off without conſiderable damage. I was ſcarcely more patient under this calamity than Mrs. Dibart: my ſpirits were worn out with fatigue and vexation, and under this new diſtreſs I could not ſtruggle. I gave way to tears, and felt inconſolable.

From this torpor I was rouſed by a ſenſe of immediate danger. The captain's boy came haſtily to us, and bid us, if we would ſave our lives, come upon deck, for the veſſel had ſprung a leak, and was expected to fill with water. Frantic with terror, we obeyed. Several men

men were now crowding into the long-boat. I looked for our friend the mate; but could not ſee him.

Mrs. Dibart, perceiving the haſte with which others were eſcaping, entreated that we might be admitted into the boat. Her requeſt was complied with, more readily than I had expected; but to my great ſurpriſe, as ſoon as we were in, all the uproar ſeemed to end, and no one followed us:—the boat could have held many more, yet nobody attempted to come. I heard a ſhout, accompanied with boiſterous laughter: I looked up, and ſaw the captain ſtanding on deck, waving his hat, and ſhouting: the men around him followed his example.

I could not at all comprehend the meaning of this. Mrs. Dibart was too much terrified at the danger we were taught to believe we had eſcaped, to obſerve what was paſſing. I aſked the

men who were rowing us, whether we had not quitted the ſhip's ſide too ſoon, as I thought ſome others muſt have wiſhed to have taken to the boat. They gave me ſneering anſwers, not by any means ſatisfactory; and I deſiſted from enquiry.

As ſoon as I could recollect myſelf ſufficiently to look round, I ſaw we were making for what appeared to me a ſand-bank. I began to apprehend ſome ſiniſter intentions againſt us, and peremptorily demanded whither we were going. We ſhall put you aſhore here for a little while till the leak is ſtopped, ſaid one of the crew :--It is very neceſſary to lighten the ſhip, ſaid another, grinning.

Theſe anſwers rather increaſed than allayed my fears; but I had no farther time for conjecture: we were ſoon too near the ſandy ſhore to proceed; and were now imperiouſly ordered to land.

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The water which covered the ground was, I perceived, even in the ſhalloweſt part, and where ſtones had been laid as for a landing place, near a foot deep; but this weighed not with our conductors. Mrs. Dibart and I were lifted out, and I expected ſome of the crew to accompany us; but no one ſeemed to have ſuch an intention: thoſe who had aſſiſted us to land returned to the boat; my eyes were fixed on them: they began to row away; and left us with the moſt inſulting grimaces.

The enormity of our misfortune now burſt, in full conviction, like a thunder ſtorm on my head. I was no longer at a loſs to divine our fate. The captain had revenged himſelf for all our misdeeds in the cruelleſt way poſſible: he had landed us on a deſert ſhore, and undoubtedly left us purpoſely to periſh.—My wretched partner in affliction did not ſeem to ſuſpect this treachery: ſhe

thought we were hardly uſed to be landed here alone while the veſſel was repairing; ſhe ſuppoſed we ſhould not wait long, becauſe the people had left us no proviſions; — ſhe wondered nobody choſe to come with us.

It was now no time to uſe the artifice of concealment. I felt more fortitude than I knew I poſſeſſed, riſing to meet our deſtiny; and the only act of friendſhip in my power was to prepare Mrs. Dibart for our inevitable fate. I therefore ingenuouſly told her what I feared our ſituation muſt prove: I adviſed her to arm herſelf againſt the terrors around us, to conſider our approaching death as a welcome releaſe, and to ſpend the time granted us, in the way beſt becoming a rational being and a Chriſtian.

My exhortation did not produce quite the effect I had wiſhed. Rage and grief made her at firſt frantic. We had, to get

get out of the water, walked about fifty yards till we came to a dry ſand: here ſhe threw herſelf down, and ſeemed reſolved to die. I could not comfort her: it was idle to talk to her. I ſuffered her to enjoy undiſturbed the only bleſſing left us, that of tears; while I, ſtretched by her ſide, thought only of our diſſolution, and prayed it might be without violence, and in the ſame hour.

The meridian ſun found us in this ſituation: his beams which ſeemed to have huſhed every breeze, darting full on us, recalled us to life and animation. Mrs. Dibart began to ſpeak, and I found was leſs agitated than before. She ſaw my prediction verified: the ſhip which till now had remained before us, got under weigh, and every inſtant diminiſhed it to our ſight. When ſhe had watched it as long as her eyes would bear the ſtrong exertion, ſhe turned to me, and embracing me very cordially,

ſaid, ſhe ſaw I had judged rightly, that we were indeed abandoned, and muſt periſh. She then confeſſed herſelf the author of the calamities ſhe, her deceaſed huſband, and I had endured; ſhe intreated my forgiveneſs of her, and my remembrance of her in my dying prayers.

Though I rejoiced at her ſubmiſſive temper of mind, I could not ſtand the pathos of her ſorrow: ſhe was at this moment as dear to me as myſelf: I forgot every failing; and endeavoured to chear her with hope that if our repentance of our faults was ſincere, our great Protector would allow us time to prepare duly for our aweful appearance before him.

Mrs. Dibart was dreadfully deficient in the moſt important branches of knowledge: ſhe liſtened gladly to the little con-

conſolation I could adminiſter to her; and before the day cloſed, ſhe had learnt to regard the death that had awaited us, as our only hope in this world, and our joyful meeting in the next as an ample compenſation for all we had ſuffered here. —There is no ſuch tutor as Adverſity: —it at once pours precepts into the mind, and renders it capable of receiving them.

We as yet knew nothing of the iſland or ſand we had been landed on. Fear and deſpair ſtifled all curioſity. We beheld, with horror not to be deſcribed, the ſable curtain of night ſtretched as a canopy over us. We retreated a few paces farther up the beach; and there again ſtretched ourſelves, faſt locked in each others arms, exhauſted with grief, faint for want of food, and expecting to be, before morning, the prey either of beaſts or ſavages.

This, however, probable, was not the fate decreed us. In ſpite of our dangers and terrors, wearineſs predominated; and we both ſunk into a deep ſleep which laſted till it was broad day-light. Invigorated by this balmy refreſhment, I felt new courage, and tried to infuſe a portion of it into my friend; but nature in her ſeemed almoſt exhauſted; and I feared ſhe had not long to live.

Without ſpeedy ſuccour it was impoſſible either of us could ſupport exiſtence, as we had already remained two nights and a day without food. Nothing had we yet ſeen around us but a barren ſand. To remain where we were was certain death: — I felt ſomething within ſtimulate to ſeek farther: — I propoſed to Mrs. Dibart my going a little way and quickly returning to her: but the idea of ſeparation, even for a moment, ſhe could not endure, nor could ſhe undertake any additional fatigue. At length,

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I prevailed on her to let me aſcend the ſloping ſand behind us, that I might diſcover what was to be ſeen from the top of the riſe. On condition that I would not go out of ſight, ſhe conſented; and, after great labour to my weakened frame, I reached the place I had pointed out. Not an object preſented itſelf to refreſh my longing eyes: the whole iſland, which was of a very ſmall extent, ſeemed a ſand; and I had no doubt was often covered by the ſea, for every where I could trace its boundary, and I ſtood on the higheſt part of it. As there was not any vegetation, we were ſafe from wild beaſts; and as there was no dwellings, we had, I concluded, nothing to fear from our own ſpecies. But famine or inundation were weapons ſufficiently potent for our deſtruction; and to the former I foreſaw we muſt, without the interpoſition of a miracle, in a few hours fall victims.

I was

I was ſoon ſatiated with the nakedneſs of the country, and was directing my melancholy ſteps towards the ſpot where my friend lay, when far to the right I ſaw ſomething dancing on the waves, which appeared to me a boat. I preſently deſcried five or ſix more of theſe diminutive objects; and it was eaſy to gueſs that they were canoes with ſavages fiſhing.

Fear had not quite extinguiſhed the ſocial principle in my boſom. At one and the ſame inſtant I formed a wiſh to be with theſe ſavages, and a reſolution to attempt it. I ſaw they made for the land, and that they entered a creek. As faſt as feebleneſs would permit, I returned to Mrs. Dibart, and told her what I had obſerved. Her horror of theſe ſtrangers overcame her dread of immediately periſhing; but a little perſuaſion convinced her that the difference between being eaten and ſtarved was not great

great in the end. I did not dare raiſe her hopes, but I pointed out the propriety of trying our fate, and convinced her of the criminality of ſinking without an endeavour to ſave ourſelves. Who knows, ſaid I, but Providence, who we are taught ſuperintends even the minuteſt creatures, may have ſent theſe people to make trial of our reliance on his goodneſs? Shall we then ſullenly prefer deſpair, and refuſe to make this ſmall exertion?

Mrs. Dibart, rendered docile by affliction, conſenting to the bold enterprize; we addreſſed ourſelves to Heaven for its protection, took an affectionate leave of each other, and then ſet out, but with ſo ſlow a pace, though the quickeſt in our power, that I feared the canoes would depart before we could reach the creek, which was, I ſuppoſe, about a quarter of a mile from us. In our way I ſaid every thing I could to inſpire my companion with

with courage, without flattering her; and we dragged on, her mind ſtrengthening, and her corporal powers weakening at every ſtep.

The Indians had landed, and appeared to be regaling on the fiſh they had caught. We were within a hundred paces of them when they diſcovered us: they all roſe at an inſtant and ſet up a hideous cry. Mrs. Dibart's terrors I began to think would be fatal to her: we halted. The ſavages were about twenty in number: four of them came towards us bearing each a different kind of weapon. I now believed our fate determined. We threw ourſelves on the ground and waited the ſtroke that was to releaſe us. I watched the approach of theſe terrific ſtrangers: I ſaw they were of the common ſtature, and of tawny complexions: every one had ſomething of clothes on, though none were completely covered; and they

they were ſmeared moſt filthily with bear's greaſe or ſeal oil.

When they came up to us, one ſeiſed Mrs. Dibart by the arm; another looked ſtedfaſtly at me. They talked vehemently amongſt themſelves. I held up my hands in a ſupplicating poſture; but they ſeemed to pay little attention to me. They tried to make us walk toward their companions; but finding our inability, they took us in their arms, and preſently removed us to the circle of their comrades, who received us with a joy from which I augured no good to ourſelves.

Mrs. Dibart had fainted away: and I almoſt hoped would never recover to ſee our miſeries. The Indians ſeemed to underderſtand that ſhe was not dead; for one of them ran to a ſpring I now ſaw bubbling in the ſand at a ſmall diſtance from us, and filling a ſhell with the water, ſprink-

ſpinkled it in her face. She came to herſelf: they gave her a little of the water to drink; and I thought I perceived ſomething like mercy in their ſolicitude.

Three canoes were ſtill fiſhing; and as ſoon as thoſe about us heard us ſpeak, liſtening with great attention to the words we uttered, they all, almoſt with one voice, cried out, *Iricoo*, *Iricoo*, and pointed to the canoes. They then began jumping and yelling furiouſly, as if very highly delighted.

Their repaſt had been interrupted by our coming; leaving us at a very few yards diſtance, they were returning to it. I obſerved there were women amongſt them, one of whom had a ſucking child. I thought if compaſſion had an abode with them, here it muſt reſide.—I crawled nearer her: ſhe had a piece of broiled fiſh in her hand on which I fixed my eyes

eyes intently; and then by a ſupplicating attitude, endeavoured to make her comprehend my extreme hunger. She roſe, came to me, and with nothing grudging in her manner, gave me a part of her food. I looked towards my friend, deſirous to ſhare it with her; but others had anticipated my wiſhes, and we were preſently abundantly ſupplied with this kind of fiſh, and with water from the ſpring. Till now I had never felt the affection of gratitude in its full force: it overcame my terrors; and I conſidered thoſe who had adminiſtered to our wants as ſuperior beings.

Nothing hoſtile was attempted againſt us; nor could I diſcover any indications of a cannibal life. My hopes began to revive: I bid Mrs. Dibart take courage; and preſently the meaning of the word we had heard re-iterated was explained to our great comfort. The canoes that had been fiſhing came to ſhore; and the Indians

dians landed out of them. Every one now left us, and crowded round one man, who ſeemed of great importance among them: he was more covered than the reſt, had on his head a kind of feathered coronet, and in his hand a ſpear of wood or fiſh bone. Notwithſtanding my former confidence, my heart at this inſtant failed me; — Now, ſaid I to myſelf, our fate will be determined: they have certainly waited the arrival of their chief to diſpoſe of us.

After a ſhort converſation, the croud advanced towards us, ſome running, ſome jumping, and all ſhouting *Iricoo, Iricoo.* This I was preſently convinced was their chief's name. He approached, and I, in ſpite of my reaſon, which taught me I was in a ſituation where no change could be dreaded, began to tremble. Mrs. Dibart was extended on the earth, and wholly unable to ſupport herſelf: I roſe and knelt to the duſky monarch. He

He gave me his hand, and with a look of benignity that pierced through the inexpreſſive darkneſs of his complexion, he uttered — think, my dear madam, what was my ſurpriſe, when he uttered in broken accents theſe words:—*Friends, friends—Quebec—Iricoo good to Quebec—Quebec good to Iricoo.*

My joy at hearing theſe ſounds was more nearly fatal to me than all the diſtreſſes I had endured; and I for ſome moments ſcarcely knew where I was or what I ſaw; but preſently regaining my recollection, I embraced the hand Iricoo ſtretched out to me; and told him in few words we too knew Quebec, that Quebec had been good to us, but that now we were at his mercy, and ſhould have ſtarved but for the charity we had met with.

He ſeemed to underſtand moſt of what I had ſaid, and to be pleaſed with talk-

talking to me. Mrs. Dibart had crawled towards me on hearing Engliſh words; and I may venture to ſay, ſo ill do we proportion our ſenſations to their cauſes, that I never experienced delight in ſo great a degree as on this deſert iſland, when our fate ſtill hung in ſuſpenſe, and in European eſtimation we could hardly be ſaid to poſſeſs a ſingle comfort.

Iricoo now turning to thoſe behind him, gave them ſome orders which they executed, by going to one of the canoes, and fetching from it a large ſkin compoſed of hides ſewed together, which they ſtretched on four poles, and formed into a hut over us. Still we were a little anxious; and our fears were perhaps too plainly engraven on our countenances; for Iricoo ſeemed all on a ſudden to diſcover what was paſſing in our minds, and to be deſirous of diſpelling our dread. He even buſied himſelf about us, and while adjuſting the curtains of

our tent, he repeated, with the moſt expreſſive modulation of his voice, *Quebec afraid?—No, no, Iricoo good to Quebec—Old maſter, dear maſter!—O old maſter die, Iricoo die too.* As he uttered theſe latter words, he ſhook his head as if very much grieved; and I ſaw the tear ſtand on his cheek:—a ſight which diſſipated every doubt and every fear I had entertained, and filled me with veneration for human nature in its uncorrupted ſtate.

When our tent was finiſhed, he did what I could not at firſt comprehend; he brought to the opening of it four men and three women: he ranged the former before us, and pointing to them ſaid, *Who Quebec man?—he go fiſh for Quebec.*—Mrs. Dibart gueſſed the meaning of this ſooner than myſelf; the four were brought for us to chuſe a ſervant: ſhe very properly pitched on him who had recovered her from her ſwoon; and the others went away without any ſign

of

of diſcontent. The women were then brought forward, and I found we were to make the ſame election. She who had the young child, and who had fed me, was one: I therefore did not heſitate. She ſmiled as if pleaſed at being choſen, and Iricoo preſently informed us how ſhe was to be uſeful to us, by ſaying, *roaſt fiſh, fetch water for Quebec.* The female entered the tent: our friendly chief, taking Mrs. Dibart and myſelf each by a hand, and ordering our man ſervant to follow, ſhewed us a ſpot where he was to remain: it was about ſix feet from our tent, and which we learnt he was forbidden to enter. Who, after this, will deny that the trueſt politeneſs is but native humanity? His next care was to lay a large circle of ſhells, which his attendants had been ſent to fetch, all round our habitation. He ſhewed us what he had done, and taught us its utility, by ſtanding firſt within the circle, and ſaying *Quebec here*, and then with-

out, ſaying *Eſkimaux here.* This confirmed our ſuppoſition as to the nation we were indebted to. He then, as if fearful he ſhould be thought to confine us, added, *Quebec come over, over, over:—Eſkimaux go when Quebec call, come Eſkimaux.* Thus were we ſettled in our new abode; and I felt myſelf as ſafe as if I had been in London, and ſurrounded by a party of guards.—Not ſo my companion; ſhe could not ſhake off ſuſpicions fit only for Ulyſſes in the cave of Polypheme; and I was in momentary fear of their breaking out and cauſing ſome diſguſt.

Some ſticks were next ſent us from the canoes to make a fire, with ſome yams, and ſhell-fiſh of various kinds freſh from the ſea. Our cook broiled ſome of theſe with great alacrity, and made us a delicious repaſt. In the evening a kind of mattraſs made of dry ſea weed was

brought, on which I ſlept profoundly till morning. Poor Mrs. D bart had not cloſed her eyes when I waked; but on my promiſe to remain her watch, ſhe endeavoured to compoſe herſelf, and got ſome very comfortable reſt.

Our female ſervant had left us when her duties were done: ſhe returned to us with the morning, bringing ſome more yams, and freſh water. My companion partook of theſe as ſoon as ſhe waked, and ſeemed greatly amended in ſtrength and ſpirits. After our breakfaſt we walked out; our centinel was at his poſt. Iricoo ſeeing us advancing towards him, came to meet us: he diſmiſſed the man to fiſh for us; and himſelf accompanied us.

We at this opportunity learnt more of our ſituation, and his hiſtory: he made us underſtand as to the former, that

that we were on a ſand no great way from *the Engliſh fiſhing bank*, by which we underſtood Newfoundland; and as to the latter, that he was of the Eſkimaux nation, had been taken when a lad to Quebec by an Engliſh gentleman, with whom he had lived long as a ſervant; but on the death of his maſter had, as it ſeemed, been compelled by his grief to forſake civilization and return to his own country.—Every trait of character this man diſcovered, increaſed my veneration for him: he ſaid he had *ſick wife at home*, and that, *if Quebec would go to his country, wife would love Quebec.*

On this ſubject I conſulted Mrs. Dibart. For my own part, I felt not the leaſt reluctance to accompany our kind friend; and I thought it the only probable chance for our liberation, as ſo aided and protected we certainly might in

time get down the river St. Lawrence to Quebec; but my partner and I ſeldom concurred in opinion when there was an alternative: ſhe wanted to get immediately to the Engliſh ſettlement of Newfoundland; and perſuaded herſelf that it was a ſcheme highly feaſible.

We had lived on the bounty of theſe benevolent Indians four days; and had recovered a conſiderable portion of ſtrength. Our ſpirits were raiſed from their ſtate of total dejection; and as we were ſuffering grievouſly for want of clothes, we began to wiſh ſomething to be thought on for our removal. It was therefore with no regret that we heard Iricoo on the morning of the fifth day declare, that at noon he ſhould ſet out for home. He came to us, and told us his intention, intreating to know what he could do for Quebec. Mrs. Dibart was ſilent: I began to adviſe with him

on the probability of our getting to the place he named us after, if we ventured with him.

As ſoon as I mentioned this, Mrs. Dibart grew clamorous for a paſſage to our countrymen in Newfoundland:—if ſhe could but get to St. John's ſhe ſhould be happy; but a journey through the back ſettlements to Quebec, or a paſſage down the St. Lawrence, ſhe was ſure in her ſtate of weakneſs would be death to her. It was in vain that Iricoo by ſigns and broken ſentences bound himſelf never to quit us till we were in ſafety, if we would be directed by him: ſhe would have preferred attempting getting to St. John's in a canoe to the moſt certain paſſage in the way propoſed; and this merely becauſe the whim had ſeiſed her.

Iricoo finding her ſo obſtinate, and that ſhe interrupted all deliberation on a

ſubject ſo intereſting to us, drew me a little way from her; and by waving his hand, forbid her approach. Our difficulty in making ourſelves underſtood by each other was indeed ſufficiently great without the impediment of her interpoſing, whenever any thing was ſtarted, *I will go to Newfoundland—I muſt get to St. John's or I ſhall die; I am ſure I ſhall.*

Her childiſh behaviour I ſaw had offended our chief. I endeavoured to ſoothe him by exciting his pity. I made him comprehend her peculiarly deſolate ſtate, and that her huſband had been ſlain in battle. This was a ſpecies of misfortune that touched his feelings effectually: his reſentment inſtantly vaniſhed; and he was as much her friend as ever.

We joined her, after we had diſcuſſed the ſubject of our courſe; and reſolved

to

to try the utmoſt that perſuaſion could do to bring her to our opinion, convinced it was the only probable means of preſervation. Iricoo ſtretched out his hand as he came up to her; and I could ſee he ſtruggled between a deſire to tell her how much he ſympathized with her, and his fear of giving her pain by recalling the remembrance of her ſorrows. He aſked her why ſhe would not go home with him, and repeated what he had ſaid of his ſick wife. What think you, my dear madam, was my aſtoniſhment when ſhe gave as a reaſon for her mad preference of St. John's to any other place, that *ſhe had a huſband and ſix children there?*

When ſhe had uttered this falſity, ſhe gave me a look that commanded ſilence; but I was not diſpoſed to impeach my own veracity by obeying her. I poſitively contradicted her; and told her I

had already informed Iricoo of her ſituation. She, perverſe woman! was, I doubt not, in her own mind convinced that the plea ſhe urged was moſt likely to obtain what ſhe wanted: ſhe had diſcovered Iricoo's humane diſpoſition, and was now taking the baſeſt advantage of it, by tempting him to a meaſure that would probably bring deſtruction on ourſelves, and whoever he lent us as a guide.

My indignation, I own, was great: her pride was picqued. She could not perſuade me of the truth of what ſhe had ſaid; but ſhe did not chuſe to degrade herſelf in the eyes of the chief; and ſhe would not retract the falſity ſhe had advanced. Iricoo's ſimplicity was perplexed: he ſhook his head; and then looking firſt at one and then at the other of us, he ſaid, *Iricoo no know---Iricoo never ſay Yes, No.—Quebec ſay Yes, No.*—He turned

turned from us, and departed; manifeſting in his look, his geſtures, and his pace the greateſt embarraſſment and concern.

No ſooner was he gone than Mrs. Dibart, throwing her arms round my neck, begged me to forgive what ſhe had done. She ſaid, ſhe had been betrayed into the untruth by the hope of prevailing on Iricoo to take what ſhe was ſtill poſitive would be our beſt courſe, and reminded me, with a degree of *hardihood* I ſtared at, that it was as much to ſerve me as herſelf. I thanked her for her love; but requeſted her another time to bear in mind, that duplicity in the end always defeats itſelf, and that ſhe could not find leſs fit ſubjects to practiſe it on than thoſe whoſe conduct diſdained it. I could not diſſemble my vexation: but I ſaw the inutility of reproaches; and recollecting the words of our ſublime poet,

'While yet we live, ſcarce one ſhort perhaps
'Between us two let there be peace,'.

I forbore ſaying what my anger dictated.

The effect this *fineſſing* had produced on the virtuous mind of our protector was ſoon but too viſible. We had retired to our hut, and really out of ſhame remained there, not knowing what was to be our fate, nor conſcious how the time paſſed. Our cook came not as uſual to prepare our food: no one had been within ſight ſince we parted from Iricoo; and I began to be uneaſy. At length, looking out farther, I ſaw none of the Indians diſperſed over the ſand: they were all collected at the landing place, and ſeemed preparing to embark. I turned back to Mrs. Dibart, and begged her for God's ſake to haſten with me towards the creek.

We

We ſet out together with all poſſible ſpeed. Many of the Indians were already in their canoes and leaving the ſhore. We called as loud as we could, but I ſuppoſe were not heard; for not even a look was directed towards us. The laſt man entered his canoe; and horror impeded our ſteps. We did not reach the creek till they were all far from us; and here we were left to deplore the miſerable effects of *fineſſing*, and to periſh.

The ſtouteſt fortitude I think could hardly have ſtood the ſhock: you will not wonder that we ſunk under it. We threw ourſelves on the ground and wept bitterly. It was duſk when we began to recover from the ſtupor of grief. Mrs. Dibart was inceſſantly calling on me, who was as powerleſs as herſelf, to comfort her. In the anguiſh of my diſtreſs, I told her every hope had again aban-

doned us, and that it was folly to think of life. At theſe words ſhe jumped on her feet, and running towards the ſea, was about to plunge in: I ſprang to her and caught hold of her clothes. She was determined on deſtruction, and reſiſted me:—my ſuperior ſtrength forced her at laſt to yield; and ſhe then endeavoured to ſtimulate me to the ſame raſhneſs. She ſaid, I had confeſſed there was no hope for us, why then ſhould we not end our miſeries ourſelves? I begged her to be calm and patient, and not to doubt that Providence would deviſe ſome means for our preſervation, or ſpeedily releaſe us by a merciful death. She again ſunk into tears; and I dragged her to our tent where we paſſed the night in the profoundeſt ſorrow.

As day light approached, ſome hope again kindled in my boſom that perhaps our friends might in a ſhort time return. But

But how were we to ſubſiſt? —we had nothing in our tent; the iſland produced nothing:—where were we to find even a day's food? As ſoon as it was light, I propoſed to Mrs. Dibart the going down to the place where the Indians uſed to aſſemble, as perhaps ſome part of their proviſions might remain; and in our way I conſoled her, by reminding her that we were no worſe off than when we were firſt landed; and that we had now a certainty which we wanted before, that we were in no danger from the animal productions of the iſland.

On arriving at the creek we had a proof of the generoſity of thoſe who had deſerted us. They had left us a canoe and paddle, a large quantity of yams, ſome dried fiſh and ſome ſhell-fiſh. All theſe things ſpoke for themſelves: here was the canoe; and we were well informed of the bearing of Newfoundland

if we chose the dangerous means of escape Mrs. Dibart had so unfortunately stickled for; here were provisions to maintain us in our voyage, or, perhaps, said I to myself, to subsist us till our benefactors return. Our hut too was entire; I knew where to find fresh water; and I began again to think of hope and comfort.

My companion was by this time pretty well humbled, and perfectly disposed to be guided: I took advantage of this temper to get a promise that she would entirely abandon the impracticable scheme of getting to St. John's, even if the Eskimaux returned. She would gladly go with them any where now: the difficulties of reaching Quebec were all vanished; and I must do her the justice to believe her repentance was thoroughly sincere.

Our

Our *quondam* friends had a very inadequate idea of European female powers if they thought we could, even on the glaſſy ſurface the ſea now preſented, manage the canoe they had ſo kindly left us. It lay on ſhore, juſt out of the water; and there we ſurveyed it and ſighed over it, without an idea it ever could be profitable to us. All our ingenuity was directed towards huſbanding our proviſions: ſhell-fiſh we knew were frequently thrown up on the beach; and at the frugal rate of expenditure we had calculated, we hoped we might ſubſiſt one week. — What was to be done after that time if our ſlender expectation failed, we did not dare even to think on.

The following day a heavy rain, the firſt we had ſeen ſince our arrival, confined us to our tent, and kept us on a terribly ſhort allowance, as we judged it better to bear the inconvenience of hunger,

ger, than to riſque a drenching when we had no means of getting rid of wet clothes. What a day of miſery was this! nothing could exceed it in tedioufneſs.

Fine weather, to our great joy, returned with the riſing ſun: and we ſet out for the creek like people immerſed in buſineſs, ſo occupied did this day, in which one ſimple purpoſe was to be fulfilled, ſeem when compared with the horrid yeſterday. The faſt we had been compelled to had whetted our appetites: it was therefore our intention firſt to viſit our ſtock of yams and get our breakfaſt, and then to hunt for ſhell fiſh. What then could exceed our diſappointment and mortification when we found nothing of our ſtore? At firſt we thought it muſt have been waſhed away by the rain; but on reconnoitring the ſpot where it had been depoſited, this we judged impoſſible. Seeking about, we diſcerned newly-im-

ly impreſſed footſteps, and a little farther, a place where a fire had been recently kindled. Theſe circumſtances convinced us we had had viſitors, and terror at firſt occupied our minds; but a little reflection taught us rather to regret that they had given us no diſturbance.

Melancholy and in tears for the immenſe loſs we had ſuſtained, caſting a wiſhful look towards the ſea, in hopes either our friends or enemies might return, we paced the ſand and picked up a few ſhell fiſh. Mrs. Dibart's fears now again began to get the better of her reſignation: ſhe dreaded our being ſurpriſed and maſſacred in the night; nor had I any thing to oppoſe to apprehenſions ſo reaſonable and well founded, but the conſideration that our condition could not be worſe than it already was.

Our

Our viſitors had, we ſuppoſed, ſurveyed the canoe with an intention of taking it away, as its poſition was changed; but, for what reaſon we could not gueſs, had leſt it us. My companion fixed her eyes on it; and ſeemed to look to it as our only hope, but what uſe could two poor helpleſs women, ignorant of every means of guiding ſuch a veſſel, put it to? I diſcouraged the idea; but it was riveted in her mind.

At laſt, after having attentively ſurveyed it, ſhe aſked me if I did not think we might get it into the water, and try in the creek and cloſe to the ſhore whether it was not manageable. She urged, that perhaps in two or three days we might grow more expert at it; that we had ſeen the Indians paddle in fiſhing, and that it appeared to require neither much ſkill nor great ſtrength. The ſea was then perfectly and moſt invitingly

ſmooth:

ſmooth; not a breeze ſtirred; and finding I did not vehemently oppoſe her, ſhe intreated me to think of this only poſſibility of our emancipation.

The conviction that nothing could add much to our diſtreſſes without ſpeedily relieving us from them, prevented my being obſtinate againſt a meaſure that ſeemed pregnant with deſtruction. Mrs. Dibart propoſed our purſuing, as well as we could with no better guide than our judgement, the track Iricoo and his party had taken, ſuppoſing we ſhould accompliſh the navigation of the canoe: this I thought a point too remote to be adjuſted now: I had no expectation of any thing but drowning in the outſet.

No ſooner had I conſented, than the ſcheme was put in practice. Without much difficulty we got the light veſſel into

into the water. We recommended ourſelves to Heaven, took what ſhell fiſh lay near us, for fear we ſhould be compelled to dine on the ocean, and embarked, intending at moſt to make a ſemicircle but a few yards from ſhore. Having the greater portion of bodily agility, it was my province to uſe the paddle, and I was ſucceeding beyond my expectation, when a light gale aroſe, and we were borne farther from the land than we had deſigned. It was now neceſſary to exert the little ſkill I had acquired to get us home again;—this we ſoon found no eaſy taſk. Mrs. Dibart thought ſhe could accompliſh it; but debilitated as ſhe was, ſhe had ſtill leſs power than myſelf. She however tried—when lo! the paddle, our only means of guidance, ſlipped from her hands, and was inſtantly borne from us.

Our fate ſeemed at laſt decided on. Every

Every gleam of hope departed; and death hovered over us. The gale increaſed, though in no great degree, yet alarmingly to us: perhaps it only completed our reſignation and ſubmiſſion. It preſently carried us out of ſight of our hut; and ſoon after the land was loſt to us. The ſcene was awful, beyond what our faculties could bear. Mrs. Dibart caught hold of one of my hands; I covered my face with the other; and in this poſture we waited the wave that was to ſwallow us, or the faintneſs we were to ſink under.

How long we remained thus I can only gueſs by ſucceeding circumſtances, perhaps it might be two hours: when, from this ſtate of torpid horror, which admitted of nothing but appeals to the mercy of Heaven, we were ſtartled by a noiſe approaching us, and growing louder every inſtant. We had not the forti-

fortitude to look out for an explanation.

I remember Mrs. Dibart's crying out mournfully, Oh Mary, we are gone: 'tis ſomething will devour us: This imagination had not entered my mind: it rouſed my fears to activity: I looked up—it was—you ſhall know at my next leiſure what it was.

END OF VOL. I.

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